

THE ILLUSTRATED  
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NEWS



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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR  
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MISS VIOLA DACRE (late Theatre Royal, Brighton). Theatre Royal Norwich, February 19th, for Twelve Nights. Specially engaged by H. W. Pitt, Esq., for Four. All letters addressed to "Holly Mount," West Hill, Wandsworth.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Madle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans; Harlequin à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by HIDE AND SEEK. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

## ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 7, Pantomime, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, performed entirely by children. At 9, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Barry, W. Terris, F. Tyars, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, Everard, &amp;c.

## LOST IN LONDON. EVERY EVENING.

Characters by Mr. S. Emery, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. Revelle, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. G. Weston, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. E. Travers, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss F. Leslie, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, &amp;c. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, C. M. Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Miss Annie Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, Mr. Herbert, &amp;c. After which at 8.30, will be revived Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mythological Comedy PYGMALION AND GALATEA (Last Nights). Cynisca, Miss Henrietta Hodson; Galatea, Miss Marion Terry; Myrene, Miss Maria Harris; Daphne, Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Chrysos, Mr. Buckstone; and Leucippe, Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD III.

MR. HENRY IRVING as DUKE OF GLOSTER. MISS BATEMAN as QUEEN MARGARET.

Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepe. Preceded at 7.0 by THE LOTTERY TICKET.

## GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD—TOOLE in ARTFUL CARDS, and JACQUES STROP. Every Night 8 to 11. Open 7. Farce 7.15. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES, every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

## ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—THE DANISCHOFFS. Unanimously pronounced by the Press and Public the great Success of the Season. On Monday, and every evening during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHOFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. W. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Barry, Mr. Winstanley, &amp;c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a LAUGHABLE FARCE. Box office open daily from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

## FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

LAST NIGHTS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. Great Success of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON in comedy. Every Evening at 7.30 PERPETUAL MOTION. At 8 o'clock NINE POINTS OF THE LAW. Miss Lydia Thompson, and Company. At 9.20 Last Nights of ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Only GREAT DIVORCE CASE MATINEE next Saturday by Criterion Company. CONTEMPT OF COURT, by Arthur Matthison and Edward Solomon, and a New Burlesque by Messrs. Reece and Farnie in rehearsal.—Acting-Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

## CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

ON BAIL, an immense success. Every Evening. At 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM. At 8.45, ON BAIL, by W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Charles Wyndham and Entire Company. Only MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE on SATURDAY NEXT, MARCH 10, at the FOLLY THEATRE. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

## GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,

a new drama, "CORA," in a prologue and three acts, by W. G. Wills and Frank Marshall (the main incidents taken from Adolphe Belot's "L'Article 47"), in which MRS. HERMANN VEZIN

will appear, prior to her departure for Australia and America. Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, Edmund Leathes, Beveridge, W. H. Stephens, David Fisher, jun., Harcourt, Paul Gray, Balfour, &amp;c.; Miss Telbin, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Preceded at 7.30 by THE SCAPEGOAT, Miss Nellie Harris, Rosine Power, Paul Gray, Harcourt, Balfour, and W. H. Stephens. New scenery by Mr. Bruce Smith. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. A. Burt.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

On Saturday March 3rd, and Every Evening at 7.30. THE DOWAGER. Messrs. H. Cox, Grahame, and W. H. Vernon, Mesdames F. Hughes, F. Brunell and Ada Swanborough. At 8.20 BABES AND BEETLES. Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Vernon, Miss Venne, &amp;c. Conclude with TRIAL BY JURY. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Penley, Parry and J. G. Taylor. Miss Venne, &amp;c.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called "THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT." Mr. Henry Neville as John Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Flockton, Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by RAISING THE WIND.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Errer Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy. Fourth Morning Performance, Saturday next, March 10th.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous Success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &amp;c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.—ORPHEE AUX ENFERS.

—Triumphant success of Offenbach's chef d'œuvre.—Miss Kate Santley as Eurydice. Supported by Messrs. J. D. Stoye, Hallam, Seymour, Kelleher; Mesdames Rose Cullen, Ella Collins, and a brilliant company. Enthusiastic reception of THE THREE CONSPIATORS, in which Miss Kate Santley sings her popular song, "Nobody Knows" (encored nightly); a French cafe chantant song, "A la Theresia" (encored three times); a Swiss "Jodel" song (encored four times), etc. Mr. Stoye and Mr. Beyer, every evening at 10. LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN, at 7.30. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s.

## ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

Dancing in the New Hall.  
NOTICE.—Continued success of the PANTOMIME. On MONDAY and Every evening, at 7.15, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Spy, entitled GRIM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH. Supported by Mr. George Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent, Mdles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Flight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—BIORN.—Grand Romantic Opera. Music by Lauro Rosse, Libretto by Frank Marshall, scenery by Gordon and Harford. Charming characteristic ballet, costumes and scenic effects by Alfred Thompson. Splendid band and chorus, selected from Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Operas. Conductor, Signor Lito Mattel, universally pronounced to be the most splendidly mounted opera ever produced in England. Every night (except Wednesdays). Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8, concludes at 11. Seats 5d, 37d, 38d, 39th, and 40th nights.

## SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

Last Twelve Nights of the Season. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, Monday March 5th. Production with New Scenery &amp;c., of the Hippodramatic Spectacle, DICK TURPIN, illustrating vividly all the romantic incidents, making famous the career of this noted Highwayman, and introducing the Beautiful and Highly-trained mare BLACK BESS, which was the theme of universal admiration in the same character in this Theatre two years since. The character of Dick Turpin will be impersonated by Mr. Henry Bertrand. An Entire New Company of Equestrian Artiste will also make their first appearance in London.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Grand Morning Performances of DICK TURPIN, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, and Every Evening at 7. The Continental Troupe of First-class Equestrians will also appear at each entertainment. Prices as usual.—Manager, Mr. Sydney Cooper; Stage-Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, (Wednesday and Thursday excepted), at 7.30, TURUTUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Polly Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Drayton, Fox, Rhody, Reeve, Pitt, Mdles. Summers, Raynor. The Lupino Troupe. Preceded, at 6.45, by SAVED BY A WORD. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, J. B. Howe. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer. Wednesday, Lupino Troupe's Benefit. Thursday, Mr. Fox's Benefit.

## LAST WEEK OF MATCHED AND MATED.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, MATCHED AND MATED. By F. C. Burnand, Music by German Reed. After which, a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SPRING'S DELIGHTS, and A NIGHT SURPRISE, by W. Cromer; Music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Graham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Seats, 3s, and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee. The Little Foster Brothers, by Gilbert A'Beckett, music by A. Cellier, Monday, March 12th.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

## NEW CONCERT ROOM, ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

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Has the Honour to announce that she will give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS as above, on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH, 13TH, 1877, AND THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 26TH.

To Commence at Eight o'clock Precisely.

Subscription Tickets for the Two Recitals, 15s.; Single Tickets, 1s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit three to one Recital, £1 1s.; Family Tickets, to admit Four to the Two Recitals, £2 2s.

Tickets to be obtained of Miss MADELENA CRONIN, 62, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, W.

## MISS NEILSON IN AMERICA.

Last night hundreds

**H**ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-street, W.—Last Week of the present season—positively Closing Saturday, March 10th. Crowded audiences, delighted with the extraordinary highly-trained mare, "Black Bess," appearing at each performance of TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK. At every representation the imitable musical grotesques, the Brothers Huline. Great Riders, Jugglers, Gymnasts, and Troupe of Clowns, headed by Little Sandy. Evening at 7, commencing at 7.30.

**H**ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. Grand Annual Complimentary Benefit of the Proprietor, M.R. CHARLES HENGLER, Saturday, March 10th. DAY AND EVENING at 2.30 and 7.30.

The Last Day of the Present Season. A Varied Programme of Specialities.

**H**ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. LAST THREE MORNING PERFORMANCES of the present Season, Saturday, March 3, Wednesday, March 7, and Saturday, March 10, when, by Special Desire, will be produced TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, AND THE DEATH OF BLACK BESS. Saturday, March 10, Last Day and Night of Henglér's unrivaled Troupe.

**H**ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. Wednesday, March 7, Morning and Evening, for the BENEFIT of LITTLE SANDY. Special programme, including Mrs. Sandy, Miss Sandy, William, John, and Frederick Leopold, Little Sandy and Little Sandy.

**E**GYPTIAN LARGE HALL (England's home of mystery), Piccadilly.—Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE's novel and original ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT, daily at three and eight o'clock. Added to the programme is the wonderful performance of Herr Schalkenbach on his orchestre militaire electromoteur. Admission 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Box-office open all day, where seats can be booked free of charge. Carriages should be ordered for five and ten o'clock.—W. Morton, Manager.

**M**ASKELYNE and COOKE.—NEW SEANCE TO-DAY at three, and TO-NIGHT at eight. MORE SENSATIONAL THAN EVER. THE SPIRITS SUPERSEDED. MR. COOKE FLOATS IN THE ROOM. TAKING WITH HIM THE CABINET IN WHICH HE IS SECURED. NO SPIRIT MEDIUM CAN SUBMIT TO SUCH SEVERE TESTS AS ARE NOW APPLIED TO MR. COOKE, AND PRODUCE ANY MANIFESTATIONS WHATEVER. AS THERE IS A GREAT DEMAND FOR SEATS AND NO CHARGE FOR BOOKING, INTENDING VISITORS SHOULD SECURE THEIR PLACES WITHOUT DELAY.

**M**ISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR, Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, will commence at Easter. The Company will meanwhile travel with "THE SHAUGHRAUNA," THEATRE ROYAL, LEEDS, SIX NIGHTS. All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, 22, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, London, till further notice. Stage Manager, Mr. A. CUTHBERT; Acting Manager, Mr. LEE ANDERSON.

#### NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

OF THE

#### ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,

will contain a Portrait of

MISS JULIA GAYLORD.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S TROPHIES at the Zoological Gardens.

MR. MACLEAN AS "THE OLD PROMPTER," (A Double-page Drawing by MATT STRETCH.)

"DECLINED UNANIMOUSLY!"

(A Steeplechase Study by J. STURGESS.)

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. MOSENTHALL,

(Author of "Leah," etc.)

PORTRAIT OF VICTOR MASSE.

CLERKS OF THE COURSE No. 4.

SKETCHES MADE AT THE COMPTON BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, (by MATT STRETCH.)

A ROYAL SLEIGH PARTY IN VIENNA.

JAPANESE FENCING.

PORTRAIT OF MR. CHAPLIN'S ST. LIZ.

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\* \* WE have again to apologise for the omission of several reviews of new books, &c. We hope to be able to clear off arrears next week.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877.

#### CIRCULAR NOTES.

ON a recent Saturday the Imperial Tea Company, Birmingham, presented every purchaser of one pound of their celebrated tea with a free ticket to the Prince of Wales's Theatre in that town. This is an enterprising age, my masters! Was it the Imperial Tea Company's Bespeak? Did Still Waters, Family Jars, and Domestic Economy furnish forth the bill? If Mr. Mercer Simpson, of the Royal, would not mind emulating the cunning and yet harmless devices of the rival house, he might put up No Song no Supper as an after-piece, and present every occupant of the stalls with a slice of the boiled leg of mutton used on the occasion.

VENERATION for le Lor-maire de Londres is a sentiment deeply set in every Frenchman's bosom. With what horror, then, the news will be received in France that the

Right Honorable Sir Thomas White and his amiable daughter, who so gracefully performs the part of Lady Mayoress, have been all but blown up by French agency, we may vividly imagine. The offices of a great firm of wine merchants, at the head of which is our excellent Lord Mayor, are situated over the London cellars of Pommary and Greno, whose champagne *va sans dire*. Some of it went off, indeed, without a word of warning the other day, or else there was a gas explosion, or an earthquake, or some other disturbance in those nectarean caves, which rather upset his lordship's equanimity. It is too grave a matter for joking about, when two or three persons, as in this case, are hurt, and our chief magistrate and his daughter have been placed in serious jeopardy; or we might recommend this obviously capable theme to those of our contemporaries who are pledged to hebdomadal grinning.

PAUSE, reader, and seriously reflect on the following advertisement, which is from the *Daily News*:—

A FLAT WANTED (where there other Flats), in a good part of London, some time during the next month.—Address, —. If you think the place likely to suit you, neglect not the golden minutes, but reply at once, or the opportunity may pass away, never to return.

MESSRS. JAMES AND THORNE have been outdone. The run of *Our Boys* is not by any means the longest on record. To-day (Saturday) will witness "the centennial performance of the pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester."

IN a letter to the *Times*, on the subject of fires in theatres, Mr. John Hollingshead affirms that "in the whole of England for the last fifty years, with ill-constructed, over-crowded, and badly surveyed theatres, he can only find a record of one solitary death from fire; and he cannot ascertain whether this unit of mortality was one of the public or one of the players. Later on, he alludes to the unit of mortality as "the servant girl burnt in 1841." I should not think there is any doubt that the unfortunate victim was not "a player," since our actresses are not generally selected from the ranks of servant-girls. Eh, Mr. Hollingshead?

WE are given to understand that Mr. Herbert will not play Prince Philimere in the forthcoming revival of the *Palace of Truth* at the Haymarket Theatre, and that Miss Hodson will enact the leading rôle, and not Miss Marion Terry, as was recently announced.

LENT has produced somewhat of "a drop" at both the Court and Prince of Wales's Theatres. At the latter house, the company have for the past fortnight been rehearsing *London Assurance*, and the long-promised one-act piece by Mr. Saville Rowe. Mrs. Bancroft will make her re-appearance in the new piece, which is, we believe, a version of *The Cosy Couple*. The cast of *London Assurance* is interestingly strong and appropriate, as the following list will show. Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. Arthur Cecil; Charles Courtly, Mr. Kendal; Dazzle, Mr. Bancroft; Max Harkaway, Mr. Teesdale; Dolly Spanker, Cool, Mr. Sugden; Mark Meddle, Mr. George Honey; Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Kendal; Grace Harkaway, Miss Fanny Josephs; Pert, Mrs. Bancroft.

MR. E. L. BLANCHARD, in one of his interesting papers on "London Amusements," in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, revives the question of A National Theatre for Great Britain, and gossips about it in his own happy manner. Inadvertently, we suppose, he has left out of the group of gentlemen whom he commends for their labours in the cause, an enthusiast who has, perhaps, done more to popularise the idea of a National Theatre, and to awaken the public mind to the feasibility of such an institution than any one else. We refer to the unacted dramatist who is pleased to hide his identity under the *nom de plume* of Walter Raleigh. He has interviewed (or corresponded with) Mr. Gladstone on the subject—did that great consumer of ink honour him with a post-card?—the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Theodore Martin, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Irving, Mr. Sothern, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Planché, Mr. Vezin, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (who, for aught we know to the contrary, delivered himself of an opinion on behalf of the Beefsteak Club); the Earl of Dudley, and the Duke of Bedford. Walter Raleigh, we deem it proper to remark, wearies not of well (or ill) doing. He is writing a book on the subject of a National Theatre!

SHORTLY after the death of Mr. Mortimer Collins, application was made to the Premier for aid from the Civil List for the widow of the poet. Lord Beaconsfield's prompt reply assumed the practical form of a cheque for a large amount, we believe £500, from his private purse. The noble act of munificence on the part of the Premier created a profound impression amongst those literary men to whom the manner and amount of the gift were made known; but it was tacitly understood that, in deference to Lord Beaconsfield's wishes, the matter was not to be made public. As, however, the editor of the *Publisher's Circular*, an industrious snapper-up of unconsidered trifles of the literary sort, announces the fact in his last issue, we infer that the restriction on tongue and pen has been removed.

WRITES Dicky Gossip—to whom and to his fellow Tatlers the heartiest of greeting for old acquaintance sake—"As our readers know, the estate of the late Mr. Foley, sculptor, is in Chancery, but Mr. Thomas Brock, his assistant, has been entrusted by will to complete the work remaining in the studio. I believe this gentleman has just put the finishing touches to the model of Sir Joshua Reynolds for the National Gallery, a figure which will redound to the credit alike of the pupil and his distinguished master." Mr. Thomas Brock, who was

rather prematurely dubbed A.R.A. by the *Daily News*, a few weeks since, may or may not have just put the finishing touches to the model of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That is his business. What, however, a vast number of the admirers of the late Mr. Foley would like to know is, "whether Mr. Thomas Brock, his assistant, was entrusted by will to complete" the said work *unassisted*, or whether, as was stated immediately after Mr. Foley's death, and has been stated scores of times since, and never, to the best of our knowledge, contradicted, it was not Mr. Brock, but Mr. C. B. Birch, and another of Mr. Foley's assistants, whose name we forget, who were conjointly desired to complete the unfinished commissions which had been entrusted to Mr. Foley?

WE note with much regret the death, in his twenty-second year, of George Balfour Knight, of Northampton, an animal draughtsman of distinct promise.

WE extract this incomprehensible advertisement from the *Halifax Chronicle*. Is it the work of "the devil that haunts the Chapel," we wonder:—

**T**HEATRE ROYAL, HALIFAX.  
MR. EDWARD PRICE'S Celebrated  
J.O.  
Company on MONDAY NEXT, February 19th, for positively  
Six Nights only.  
**M**ISS RYDER  
In her great impersonation of J.O. See press opinions.  
Box plan now open at Mr. Rawlings', Northgate.

	Amount of Subscriptions advertised before	6597	12	7
Mr. Thomas England	...	...	2	0
Halifax Flour Society	...	...	50	0
Mr. Charles Watson...	...	...	2	0
Mr. J. B. Walton	...	...	2	0
Mr. J. John William Helm	...	...	2	0
Mr. J. M. Barbour	...	...	1	0
Messrs. Clay Brothers	...	...	20	0
Messrs. James Clay and Son	...	...	30	0
Messrs. C. E. and F. Ramsden	...	...	20	0
Mr. Henry A. Norris	...	...	10	0
Mr. Wm. Cooke	...	...	1	0
Mrs. Rouayne...	...	...	5	0

**C**HOIR MASTER WANTED, for Wesley Chapel, Broad Street, Halifax.—Apply, in writing, stating salary &c., to A. Foster, Crown-street.

#### MR. COMPTON.

In a former number of this paper, we gave in connection with one of our series of double-page theatrical portraits, a sketch of Mr. Compton's professional career, dealing fully with its varied features and giving many interesting particulars which had not previously, we believe, appeared in print. It is, therefore, hardly necessary to go over the same ground on this occasion. That Mr. Compton has won the respect and earnest admiration of all sections of the playing community during that career, and made hosts of loving friends amongst his professional brothers and sisters has been sufficiently well demonstrated by the high compliment paid him on Thursday afternoon, in the benefit performance at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Compton's dramatic powers were of the highest and most finished character, and his final retirement from the boards he so long adorned is a matter of the deepest and sincerest regret to ourselves, as to all who know him either as the actor or the man. Our portrait is from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

**MR. BARNES'S "JOSEPH SURFACE" AND  
MR. BANCROFT.**

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—As the person most interested in the above matter I must ask you to allow me space in your next issue for the following explanation, which is the same in effect, as one which I forwarded to Mr. Bancroft a week ago.

On the same evening as the performance of *The School for Scandal* at the Gaiety Theatre I received a most congratulatory note, signed, "S. B. Bancroft," relating to my rendering of the part of Joseph Surface, which note I opened in the presence of a friend, who also read it.

In the thoughtlessness of gratification I felt at Mr. Bancroft's good opinion, I mentioned the fact in the course of casual conversation, on several occasions—a proceeding neither unusual, unprofessional, or uncomplimentary to Mr. Bancroft. Of course I had no idea that such a trivial matter would be deemed worthy of perpetuation in the columns of a newspaper, and it was not till I received a subsequent communication from that gentleman, that I became aware of the fact that the note in question had been a forgery.

I am at a loss to discover the motive of the author, or promulgator of this unpleasantness, which, if intended as a practical joke, is certainly in the worst possible taste, but as he has succeeded in raising this "storm in a tea-cup," I suppose he will be satisfied with the result, and will pardon me if I request that when the same spirit of joking actuates him again, he will choose some other victim than, yours faithfully,

Opera Comique, Feb. 24th, 1877.

J. H. BARNES.

P.S.—I may add that the gentleman who was with me when I opened the note referred to, is ready and anxious to verify what I say, but I think it inadvisable to introduce any more names into this absurdly over-rated matter.—J. B.

MRS. STIRLING gave some of her ever-welcome readings at the Granville, on Saturday last, to a cordially appreciative audience.

We are now in a position to give particulars of the amateur performance at the Opera Comique on the 17th inst. The pieces selected are *Cut Off With a Shilling* and *The Rivals*. The following ladies and gentlemen, members of the "Irrationals" A.D.C. will take part. The Honourable Lady Sebright, the Honourable Mrs. Wrottesley, Mrs. Pope, Miss Mason, and Miss St. Quentin, Major Mahon, Captains Fitzgeorge, S. de Lacy Lacy, E. C. Johnson, Messrs. Bingham, Maclean, Fairfield, Jos. Maclean, Colnaghi, &c. The performance will commence punctually at two o'clock, and the proceeds will be devoted to the General Dramatic Fund, and other charities. Places may now be secured at the theatre.

**T**HIRSK RACES.—Several Stakes close and name to Mr. T. S. Dawson, Hungerford House, Malton, on Tuesday next, March 6. Particulars in our Advertisement columns.

**N**EWCASTLE RACES.—Stakes for this meeting close and name on Tuesday next, March 6, to Mr. Thomas Craggs, Stockton-on-Tees. See Advertisement.

**C**ARDINAL, ECRU, AND TWENTY-FOUR OTHER COLOURS.—JUDSON'S DYES are most useful and effectual. Ribbons, Scarves, JACKETS, Table-covers, &c., &c., are easily dyed in ten minutes. Ask for JUDSON'S DYES, at Chemists and Stationers. Price Sixpence per bottle.—[Adv.]

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN CHINA.

CHINA could boast the drama as a national institution well established more than 3,000 years ago, and may therefore fairly claim the right of being regarded as its original founder. Long before theatres arose in Greece, they were universally popular in that vast country, and mighty Rome did not adopt the drama until 400 years after the Athenian stage had won its glory and renown. Persia and India have both claimed the invention of dramatic entertainments, but as their claims rest rather upon the introduction of grotesque and fanciful dances than upon anything more intimately allied to plays, the palm for originating the actual drama must certainly be awarded to the Chinese, whose tradition of its origin is curious.

It was, say they, in the year of the world 745, when K'aeynen, the sixth emperor of the Sang dynasty stood one placid moonlit night beside his famously beautiful queen, the young and lovely Yangkweifiè. In gratitude for her affection, and moved by the tenderest feelings, he there and then devised for her amusement something new, which, soon afterwards, with the aid of his chief minister, he nobly realised. This new thing, offspring of grateful love and tenderness, was the drama.

A number of charming and unusually intelligent young children were selected and carefully trained to recite dramatically the heroic deeds of the great emperor's forefathers, upon a raised stage in a delightful pavilion amongst fruit trees, under the boughs of which sat the emperor, empress, and the great ones of their court. And soon the emperor discovered that he had done more than a loving thing, for it proved to be most wisely good and widely beneficial. The nobles, who sought their pleasures in bestial debauchery, which endangered their lives, and who by reckless extravagance were ruining themselves, became attracted to the performances of these little actors in gorgeous costumes, who were called "The Children of the Pear Garden," a name by which actors are known in China to this day. And as their love of the children's performances increased, the taste of the playgoers was elevated, and intellectual amusements began to take precedence of the sensual and degrading, so that the emperor, who loved virtue and desired the happiness of his people, was greatly rejoiced thereby, and by degrees learning was popularised, and began, for the first time, to spread all over China.

Nearly all the ten thousand or more actors in China belong to itinerant companies, whose caravans are often to be met with on the roads, and more frequently on the rivers, travelling by water being their more economical plan. They carry with them an enormous quantity of properties, costumes, and decorations, and are dotted over the whole surface of the country; in the eighteen provinces, in the towns of the first, second, and third order, in the burghs and the villages, all the Chinese, without exception, rich and poor, mandarins and traders, without exception, being passionate lovers of the drama. "There is no little village," says M. Huc, "that has not its theatre, which is usually placed opposite the pagoda, and sometimes even forms part of it." Actors, however, abound most in the Hwingning district of Ngan-ching-foo, which is the capital province of Ngan Hwing. They are usually hired for a certain number of days by their more wealthy patrons, or by clubs formed for that purpose, and the occasions on which they perform are usually those of public or private rejoicings or mournings, the promotion of a mandarin, the success of a business speculation, a drought or famine, and many others of a more or less important or unimportant, joyful or sorrowful kind; any excuse sufficing for the introduction of these entertainments. If there is no permanent theatre the actors display great ingenuity and skill in rapidly erecting one, the Chinese stage being always extremely simple in its arrangement, and scenery being unknown.

On the arrival of a band of itinerant players at a village or place where there are no regular theatres, in bands which usually range in number from nine or ten, to over a hundred, the heads of the district assemble and decree that there shall be a play lasting so many days, to which everybody contributes according to his means, unless some wealthy person himself hires the performers for the general good. On these occasions the stage, constructed of rude planks, bamboo canes and matting, is set up in the open air, the musicians (see page 572) take their places at one corner, and the audience coming from near and far, all full of delight, assemble before it, many of them having walked long distances to be present.

The ordinary play-lovers fill every post of vantage, at the windows, up in the trees, on the house-roofs, &c., and the great people are provided with seats and little tables near the platform, where they eat, drink tea, smoke, and talk, while the performance proceeds. The actors retire behind the matting to dress.

Vendors of sugar cane, sweet fried potatoes, and other cheap luxuries force their way into the densely packed crowd, uttering their hoarse cries of invitation, with small respect for the great national or tragic history enacting on the stage. There are no women actors—young boys of an effeminate appearance supplying their place—and there is neither applause nor expression of disapprobation. First comes the "sie-tsze," or opening of the piece, literally "the door." The players recite the noble deeds of departed emperors, just as the children of the Pear Garden

did to the young and lovely Yang kweifiè thousands of years ago, before Athens had a theatre or Rome was histrionic, for in China the drama has always been exactly what it now is. The players, if they are good ones, rise to the level of their task; their voices swell with the grandeur of heroic sentiments, or glide smoothly and softly into expressions of tenderness and glowing feeling; and, listening to their powerful or touching eloquence, it is sad to think that in China, the birthplace of the drama, a Kean or a Kemble would think himself fairly remunerated by the receipt of what would be in this country equivalent to about two shillings, or, at most, half-a-crown per week.

In China there are three distinct kinds of drama, the tragic *Kwan Keang*, performed only by picked actors of the greatest eminence in their profession, who are paid more liberally and perform before more select audiences. The stirring and warlike *Urh-hwang-teao* and the more complicated and sensational *Se-pe-teao*. And the music also varies with the character of the drama, being softer and more harmonious in the *Kwan Keang*, harsh and discordant in the *Urh-hwang-teao*, and of the more popular and common kind in the *Se-pe-teao*. The dialogue is a kind of recitative which the music accompanies. When foreigners are present every actor making his appearance on the stage announces the part he is to perform, the scene, and such other particulars as are deemed necessary for the proper understanding of the drama.

To aid the story of our engraving of music and the drama in China we have now briefly described the itinerant companies of players and musicians. We may shortly receive drawings of the more staple kind of theatrical performances, such as we meet with in Pekin and Soochow, where we have regular theatres open day and night.

## SCENE FROM "RICHARD III." AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE great interest displayed by the public in Mr. Irving's restoration of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* means something better we trust than a mere love of novelty. The great tragedy, shorn of its clap-trap, god-catching Colley-Cibberisms and patchwork inconsistencies, has moved up to a higher platform; and that it has thereby become increasingly attractive to the playgoing public is a good sign of great promise, which we trust managers and players alike will take to heart.

We have already dealt critically with Mr. Irving's artistic impersonation of Richard III., and we promised ourselves the pleasure of returning to it should some other occasion present itself. That occasion is, however, still deferred by our old complaint, "want of space."

Our artist's drawing was made from the Baynard Castle scene, where Duke Richard impeaches Hastings, and shows his withered arm in support of the accusation of witchcraft, one of the most powerful features in the part as played by Mr. Irving.

Then be your eyes the witness of this ill,  
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;  
This is that Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

## "AFTER DINNER."

OUR Artist has given us a story, in which what is and what has been, are equally well depicted. While the popping of corks, the jug-jug-jugging and gurgling of wine, the clinking of glasses, the music of spoons in soup plates, and other features of good eating and pleasant drinking prevail, who dreamt of "after dinner?" Eyes—even poor old eyes dim with long looking on the world and much prying into its wonders and my sterries, twinkled brightly, smiles made even the furrows of age and care express delight, and cracked, old worn-out voices were wonderfully musical in merry jokes and amusing anecdotes of times long past. But when every waistcoat was distended to the utmost of its elasticity, when all the bottles were empty, when dinner was over and the reckoning had to be paid.—Ah! then things assumed a very different complexion. Now eyes peer out suspiciously, the furrows deepen, and the worldly look of solemn care and gravity return to faces erst so full of jovial feeling. Purse come reluctantly forth, coins fall one by one, like blood-drops, slowly, heavily, and with many a sigh between—it is "After Dinner."

## ENCOUNTER WITH AN EAGLE.

OUR artist's clever and well-finished drawing chronicles an actual extraordinary fact of somewhat recent occurrence. A famished eagle disturbed on the summit of a craggy cliff in America by a foot passenger left its prey to dispute the right of passage. Its enormous size, strength, and vindictive savageness gave it no small advantage, and the passenger's danger was consequently of a very terrible description. Fortunately, by desperate exercise of strength, he at length, although terribly lacerated by the bird's beak and talons, succeeded in escaping, leaving his furious enemy master of the field. The incident—detailed particulars of which were promised but have not yet reached us—is a very unusual one, for it is well-known that eagles seldom attack human beings, unless, perhaps, it be by mistake, as

one did the poet Aeschylus, whose bald head was mistaken by the sagacious bird for a nice hard stone, upon which to let fall from a great height a shell fish with a view to breaking the shells and devouring their contents. The bird breaking from the man's grasp, wheeled, and turned about him with his ponderous wings before again striking, and the time its motions occupied, gave the poor fellow a chance of securing a weapon with which he at last succeeded in beating off and disabling his foe, after which he was only too glad to beat a hasty retreat. Instances of young children being carried off by eagles are not rare, but we have no remembrance of any other case beyond that we pictorially chronicle, in which a man has been attacked by one of these majestic and powerful birds.

At an adjourned meeting of the members of the Craven Hunt, held at the Chequers Hotel, Newbury, on Thursday week, Mr. George Willis and Mr. William Dunn arranged to hunt the country.

THE Scriptural drama of *Joseph and his Brethren* was performed a few days since in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Darlington, before a large and appreciative audience, by an amateur company of Primitive Methodists. The Scriptural narrative is divided into nine scenes, which were gone through with much spirit by the performers, who were all dressed in character. Pharaoh's throne and crown, Joseph's coat of many colours, Benjamin's sack with the king's cup, together with the necessary Oriental costumes, were all represented with remarkable fidelity. At intervals, between the scenes, appropriate pieces of music were rendered with much vigour by the brethren, who, whether singing or acting, entered heart and soul into their respective rôles. The representation was received with much favour, and it will shortly be repeated.—*Northern Echo.*

THE HON. MRS. GEORGE WROTTESLEY.—(SEE PAGE 567.)

## MADAME MARIE ROZE PERKINS.

MADAME MARIE ROZE PERKINS, whose portrait adorns our front page, has long been popular with the frequenters of Her Majesty's Opera, and has gained golden opinions in other musical arenas. Her first operatic successes were made in Paris, and led to her engagement by Mr. Mapleson, who has found in her a valuable auxiliary. She has filled the rôles of Marguerite (*Faust*), Susanna (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), and other equally important parts with success, and won special favour as Queen Berengaria in Balfe's *Talismano*. About three years back she was married to Mr. Julius Perkins, an American basso profondo, who, to many amiable personal qualities, united artistic merits of a high order, and bid fair to reach the foremost rank in the operatic profession. His untimely death left her in the following year a widow, with an infant dependent upon her. She never lost heart, but struggled on bravely, and strengthened her hold on public favour. In the Spring of 1875 she was engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa, for English opera, and made her début on the English stage as Arline, in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. She subsequently played other parts in English opera, but her engagement was not renewed by Mr. Rosa, and she returned to the Italian operatic stage. She is a graceful and intelligent actress, and well trained vocalist, and has not only made herself popular by the exercise of her professional gifts, but has won the esteem of a large circle of friends by her amiability of disposition. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliot and Fry.

AN American contemporary, the *Yale Record* of the 3rd inst. says:—"It will not be pleasing to hear that unless a considerable amount of money is raised by a month from to-day no race will be rowed with Harvard this year."



## JOHN OXENFORD.

*Requiescat in pace.* As those words were uttered by the priest for the last time over the coffin which was almost hidden from sight by the loving tribute of flowers that had been laid upon it, there was not one of those who stood by the grave of John Oxenford but must have uttered Amen from his heart. Never did a man, who had for so long a time wielded that weapon—the edge of which is so apt to cut both him who uses it and him on whom it is used—the critic's pen, leave behind him so few enemies and so many friends; friends not only in name, but in heart, friends who felt as that coffin was lowered into the vault that a void, which never could be filled, was left for them among the noblest pleasures of this life. "Glorious John," as those who knew him best delighted to call him, was no mere "good fellow"; no mere boon companion, whose absence from one's table or fireside leaves a blank indeed, but one easily filled in the course of time. He was a man to be intimate with whom was truly a privilege; more learned men there doubtless are; men as widely read there may be; men who were better talkers there may have been; but there is not, and I doubt if ever there was one who, to deep and wide knowledge of books, added so much unaffected modesty, so kindly an appreciation of others, and such a genial love of mankind. To many the fact that he had been for the last eighteen months a Roman Catholic was a surprise; yet there never was a man who embodied in himself, as far as literature was concerned, the purest essence of Catholicity; that large-minded, big-hearted love of all books, learned or playful, heavy or light, foreign or native, grand or humble, as John Oxenford did. When I hear him spoken of, or see him written of, as a "mere playwright," or "theatrical critic," I wonder what acquaintance those who so speak or write can have with the literature of their own or any other European country. I should have thought that any aspirant to a "pass" in any of the numerous examinations, now so virulently prevalent, would not be able to mention less than four names of those to whom we owe the introduction of the study of German literature into this country. Of these four John Oxenford, no less than Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle, is certainly one. The same pen which wrote with such humorous indulgence and marvellous clearness a notice of the last new play, which was intended to amuse the town, would be employed the very next hour on an erudite article, treating of some rare old book, for the *Saturday Review*, or would be translating the obscure phraseology of some German "lied" into melodious and intelligible English verse. Though to read both the Latin and Greek classics with as much ease and avidity as young ladies read novels, though within a few weeks of his death, when he was suffering from great exhaustion, I found him amusing himself by working out abstruse algebraical problems, there never was a man less a pedant than John Oxenford. I have often been immensely amused by the tone of contemptuous patronage with which young philosophers of the present day would receive the name of Oxenford, regarding him from the supreme height of their arid priggism as a mere scribbler for the press; these are the young gentlemen who never read any novels but George Elliott's, who are always bored if they go to a play, except it be of the fleshly burlesque type, which, being within the range alike of their sympathies and their understandings, they can descant upon, of course purely from the aesthetic point of view. For such persons and for "swells" John Oxenford had a most decided antipathy; in their society he was silent and uncomfor-

able; but even against them, much as he disliked them, he uttered nothing worse than the most good-humoured satire. I do not think he could ever have known how to sneer, of malice he was incapable; the very last time I was with him, scarcely a fortnight before he died, he alluded to some injury that had been done him, not with the shallow indifference of one who would fain appear hardened against the buffets and stings of this world, but with that cheerful gentleness inherent in his great-hearted nature, with which he invariably met all ill-natured attacks, from whatever quarter. He had been, in the opinion of many of his friends, a free-thinker for a great part of his life, but he certainly had the habit of true charity, which many Christians find it so hard to acquire. To the last he worked on, though towards the end of his life his strength failed him, yet scarcely a week passed but he contrived to write some words for music, or to translate French and German songs. Sometimes he was able to accomplish a review—generally of some classic, all the new editions of which he studied with the warmest interest. It was pleasant to see his face brighten as he compared the school editions of the present day with those which existed when he was a boy. He rejoiced to see his favourite authors introduced to the young under such favourable circumstances. His library contained few bound volumes and fewer rare editions. If he devoured books, he digested them too. He loved them for the nourishment they contained, and cared little how they were dressed.

Many and of various classes were the mourners round his grave. Busy men gave up their precious time in order to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to one who, fully conscious that knowledge was power, had ever used the one with gentle forbearance, the other with noble modesty.

F. M.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE SUMMER RACES, 1877.—On Tuesday first, March 6, will close and name for this meeting, the Great Northumberland Plate, and other valuable stakes. An advertisement detailing full particulars will be found in this paper. The stakes referred to are the Northumberland Plate Handicap, with 500 sovs net added; the Newcastle Handicap, with 200 sovs added; the Stewards' Cup Handicap, with 100 sovs added, all for three year olds and upwards. The Monkchester Plate, value 200 sovs, for two year olds only.

OUR portrait of John Oxenford is from a photograph by Fra-delle and Marshall.



TANKARD PRESENTED TO CAPT. NEWALL, R.A.

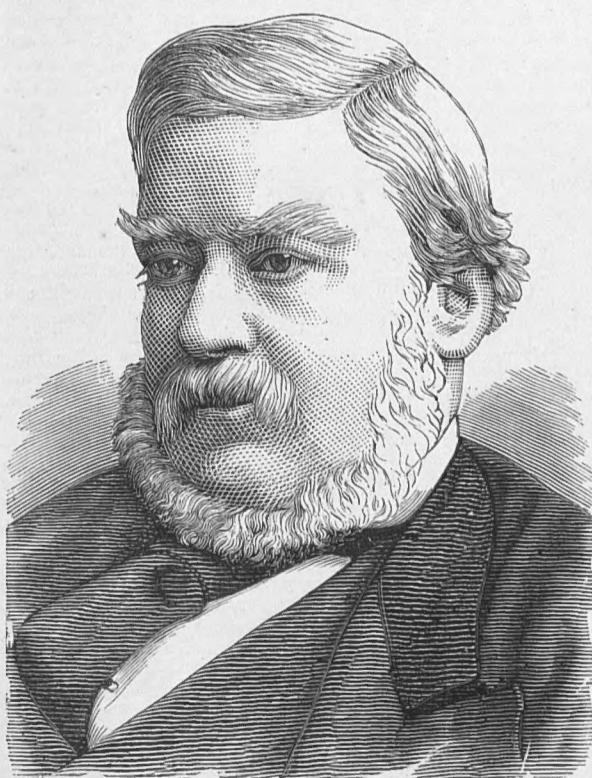
## PRESENTATION TO CAPT. M. C. NEWALL, R.A.

IN connection with the winter entertainments at Scarborough, to which we have referred in another article, a very interesting gathering recently took place, when a handsome testimonial was presented to Captain M. C. Newall, R.A., in acknowledgment of the assiduity he manifested in the promotion and establishment of the Scarborough Winter Entertainments, two years ago, and of the earnestness and ability he has constantly exerted in promoting their success, both as honorary secretary to the committee and a prominent member of the *corps dramatique*.

The testimonial took the form of the tankard, of which an engraving appears on this page. It is in massive silver, and Romanesque in style. Its height, with the pedestal on which it stands, is about 24 inches. The principal ornamentation is centered within a large oval medallion, which occupies nearly the whole of one side of the tankard, upon which is depicted a group of about thirty-four Shakspearean characters. The medallion is executed in *répoussé* work, and exhibits the most skilful and delicate manipulation, each individual figure being brought out in strong relief and readily identifiable according to the recognised types of the characters represented. Among the most prominent of them are Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Cardinal Wolsey, and Richard III. The difficulty of arranging in such close proximity so many apparently incongruous characters has been most successfully overcome. The corresponding medallion on the reverse is devoted to the inscription—"Presented to Capt. Newall, R.A., in remembrance of the Scarborough Winter Entertainments, 1874-75"; and to the list of contributors to the testimonial, whose names are thereon severally recorded, and amongst which we find those of the Right Hon. Earl Cathcart, Sir C. Legard, Bart., M.P., Sir H. V. B. Johnstone, Bart., M.P., Hon. F. Stuart-Wortley, Lady Sitwell, Lord Greenock, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Barton, Col. Gratton, Col. Kendall, Major Wilkinson, Capt. Green, Capt. Unett, Major Thompson, Capt. Harris, A. H. D'Arley, Capt. Laye, Leasow Walker, Gilbert Wilkinson, Oscar Wilkinson, G. Cochrane, R. Ellershaw, Mrs. Wray, Major Inglis, Captain Nares, F. Hadden, H. Hadden, Mrs. Hadden, Harry Hadden, Dr. Hutchinson, Dr. Teale, Dr. Cooke, Rev. J. Bedford, F. Thomson, H. Saunderson, E. H. Newton, Alderson Smith, J. Woodall, J. W. Woodall, Capt. Lloyd Greame, H. Pigot, Rev. H. Blane, and many others. The cover of the tankard is appropriately surmounted by exquisitely wrought figures, representing Tragedy and Comedy, and the whole rests upon a silver-mounted ebony pedestal, bearing Capt. Newall's monogram, crest, and motto. The cup is altogether an exquisite work of art, and reflects great credit on the eminent firm to whom the execution of the work was entrusted, viz.:—Messrs. Bright, of St. Nicholas-street, Scarborough.

Although the Hon. F. Stuart-Wortley was unable to take the chair, E. H. Newton, Esq., made an excellent substitute, and gave adequate expression to the universal feeling of regard felt for the gallant Captain, who, we may say, is one of a very numerous class of gentlemen that give their conscientious services to the drama, and find in theatrical representa-

tions a source of personal delight, and the means of conferring not only pleasure upon others, but pecuniary benefit upon public undertakings and charitable organisations. Very recently, at Ventnor, Captain Newall, as the cantankerous old cowkeeper



THE LATE MR. JOHN OXENFORD.



MR. COMPTON.

in *Milky White*, showed histrionic powers of the highest order, and added considerably to the funds of the Volunteer Corps. At Woolwich, and at various other places, he is a well-known and welcome star.

## IN MEMORIAM.

We could have better spared a better man.  
Ay? But what better man had we to spare?  
Than he, our boy-like friend with wintry hair?  
His honest heart knew neither class nor clan.  
He had one noble fault—no fault to scan  
In fellow-kind. With all men did he share  
The touch of nature: through his veins there ran  
A sympathy with all things good and fair;  
A tenderness for all things mean and vile;  
A love of knowledge that with knowledge grew.  
Wise was the mirth that moved his kindly smile!  
Scholar untutored! judge, to mercy true!  
More than to justice! comrade void of guile!  
Adieu, JOHN OXFORD, a fond adieu! G. W. T.

## THE DRAMA.

THIS has been a busier week at the theatres than usual at this Lenten period. The most important event was the Compton benefit at Drury Lane on Thursday afternoon, of which we gave a full programme last week. Of the other leading items notices are given below of Mr. Burnand's farcical comedy *Artful Cards* at the Gaiety; Tom Taylor's *Babes and Beetles* at the Strand, and *East Lynne*, with Miss Louise Moodie as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine at the National Standard.

At the Globe the last representation of *The Invisible Prince* took place on Saturday night, and the theatre remained closed on Monday and Tuesday for final rehearsals of Messrs. Wills and F. Marshall's new drama *Cora*, founded on Adolph Belot's *L'Article 47*, which was produced with Mrs. Hermann Vezin as the heroine on Wednesday night, too late for notice in this number.

At the Park Theatre Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Miss Ellen Meyrick, and their company have appeared during the week in Conway Edwardes' *Heroes*, and the Yorkshire drama of *Rough and Ready*.

A new series of plays, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, was commenced at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, when *East Lynne* was represented, with Miss Heath as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine. On Thursday, *Lady Audley's Secret* was the drama selected; and *Henry Dunbar*, with Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Charles Wyndham in the leading characters, is announced for Tuesday.

To-night will take place the last representation of the pantomime at Drury Lane, and also at Sanger's. At the former, Mr. Chatterton takes his benefit, the Vokes family appearing in *The Belles of the Kitchen*, in addition to the pantomime.

To-day's morning performances, besides the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Adelphi, Sanger's &c., will comprise *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Claude Melnotte and Pauline, at the Gaiety; *Hot Water*, by the Criterion Company, at the Folly; the new burlesque, *The Bohemian Gyrl* and *Pampered Menials*, at the Opera Comique.

The only events announced for to-night are two revivals—*The Colleen Bawn*, at the Adelphi, and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, at the Strand.

On Monday, *Turpin's Ride to York* is to be reproduced at Sanger's.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

THE taste of the public for farcical comedy as led to, and indicated by the successes at the Criterion of *The Great Divorce Case*, *Hot Water*, and *On Bail*, has doubtless influenced Mr. Burnand in selecting another of the Palais Royal extravagant comedies, *La Clé*, of M. M. Duru and Labiche, for adaptation for the English stage. The main basis of *La Clé* is precisely similar to those of *Le procès Veauradieux*, *La Boule*, *La Reveillon*, the originals of the Criterion successes just mentioned, viz., the scrapes, and ludicrous troubles in which a peccant husband becomes involved when he surreptitiously indulges in a temporary escapade of gay bachelor life. While retaining the leading idea of *La Clé* in *Artful Cards*, produced at the Gaiety on Saturday evening, Mr. Burnand, besides transferring the scene to London, has in deference to English prejudices, altered some of the motives of action, substituted a shrewd and calmly determined baronet, earnestly in love with the hero's sister-in-law, for the Parisian banker of the original, and introduces many entirely original incidents, as well as witty and humorous dialogue, of which he is so facile a master. The hero, one Robert Spier Rumford, has married a rich wife, by whom he is kept in complete subjection, but what to him is a greater hardship, very short of money, so that he is driven to continually borrow small sums from his nephew, Fred Flutter, a rising young barrister, as well as to eke out the small monthly allowance made to him by his wife, by concocting preposterously large bills from his tailor, bootmaker, and hatter for her to audit and discharge. The incidents of auditing these accounts, and Rumford's ludicrous explanations of the exorbitant charges set down for the different items, is one of the most amusing in the first act; another equally farcical and diverting scene follows, where Sir Harecutt Shortleigh, who comes to the house to see Mrs. Rumford, relative to his suit with her sister Dora, with whom he is in love, and mistaking Rumford for the butler, tips him rather liberally to secure his much wished for interview. Rumford is soon after induced by his nephew to accompany him to a reception held that evening by a Polish lady, the Countess Asteriski, whom the young barrister had defended in a case of alleged swindling. Leading his wife to believe that he has to attend, with his nephew, an important meeting of trustees, Rumford accompanies Fred to the apartments of the countess in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square—got up in full evening costume. At the countess's reception, which occupies the second act, Rumford's troubles begin, first in his ludicrous attempts to conceal the loss of two of his shirt studs, as well as the dilapidation of his cheap white kids, his overwhelming flurry at being introduced to the countess and the other distinguished guests, including her cousin, a Russian prince, her pretended uncle, the Baron Von Teufolkarten, a princess and duchesse—all of whom are merely adventurers, gamblers, and swindlers, and the house nothing more than a "hell." Cards are introduced and Rumford is induced to join the game. At first, and for a long time he is allowed to win, and, elated with his success, he urges his nephew to join in. Eventually the luck turns, and the machinations of the professed blacklegs are set in action, and poor Rumford not only loses all his winnings, but his watch and a hundred pounds besides, for which he has to give his I.O.U. At this juncture a raid is made on the premises by the police, but while they are ascending the stairs a sudden transformation is effected in the Salon. The green cloth is withdrawn from the gaming table, which had been formed by two grand pianofortes, these are separated and presided at by the countess and one of the lady

guests, a variety of musical instruments are produced from out-of-the-way places, and the police on entering find the party engaged in a classical chamber concert, the poor victim Rumford occupying a prominent position, energetically blowing a trombone. The well-devised ruse succeeds. The police, baffled in their expectation of discovering gambling proceedings, retire, but ere long, from re-aroused suspicion, return, and a regular stampede of the gamblers and the victim guests to make their escape, brings down the curtain on the second act. The first scene of the third act takes place in Piccadilly, where Rumford, in an Ulster coat and crumpled hat, belonging to some one else, and which he had hastily appropriated in escaping from the gaming-house, and still encumbered with the trombone, encounters the Baron, who demands from him cash for the I.O.U. Rumford, of course, is penniless, not possessing even the fare for a cab to take him home. Finding a cigar-case in the pocket of the Ulster, Rumford to pacify the baron gives it him. The baron, on opening the case, is delighted to find in it a hundred pounds in notes, which he at once appropriates in liquidation of the I.O.U., and astonishes Rumford by tearing up that document. Rumford having got rid of the awkward encumbrance of the trombone by giving it to the policeman to take to Scotland Yard, is now joined by his nephew, Flutter—a fugitive from the Leicester-square den—to whom he relates the circumstance of the baron having walked off with the cigar-case and the hundred pounds. Flutter goes in pursuit of the baron, and Rumford makes the best of his way home to St. John's Wood, where the climax of farcical absurdity is reached in the scene that takes place between Rumford and his wife, the most amusing and laughter-exciting one in the play, when under the rigid cross-examination of his astonished wife, Rumford attempts to account for wearing a strange coat and hat, his evening dress, and his general dilapidated state, and muddy boots, attributing them all to the eccentric behaviour of his co-trustees, are diverting in the extreme—wild, contradictory, and improbable as his story is, the cool audacity of the relation almost satisfies his indignant spouse, when the officious policeman enters to return the trombone confided to his care, and poor Rumford is again discomfited; however, matters are soon cleared satisfactorily. Flutter had succeeded in recovering the cigar-case and hundred pounds from the sham baron, and restores them to Sir Harecutt Shortleigh, to whom the Ulster in the pocket of which they were found by Rumford, belonged. The adventures of those hundred pounds form an under plot ingeniously interwoven with the original story, by Mr. Burnand. They had been first paid by Mrs. Rumford to one of the gambling crew as the price for the return of some rather compromising letters, written to him by her sister Dora. From him the notes and letters were recovered by the baronet in return for a forged bill he held of this adventurer, and finally both are restored to Dora, who in return willingly bestows her hand upon the chivalrous Sir Harecutt. Mrs. Rumford is so delighted at the turn affairs have taken that she overlooks poor Rumford's wild peccadilloes, and gives up to him for the future the key of the cash box.

As the henpecked husband, Rumford, Mr. Toole is singularly fitted with a part in which he is seen to unusual advantage; in which, by perfectly legitimate means, wholly free from his general mannerisms in farce, he keeps the house in a roar of laughter from beginning to end—whether in the first act, as the subdued husband wholly under the dominion of his somewhat stern and strong-minded wife, his quiet chuckle at ignoring as an insult to him the liberal tip of the baronet to facilitate his having an interview with Mrs. Rumford, and his complacent explanations of the high charges of his "cooked" accounts. During the entire of the second act, at the sham Countess's gambling den, his humorous and ludicrous acting was irresistibly amusing, excelled, perhaps, by his excessive drollery and comic delineations of the predicaments of Rumford in the last act. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Leigh as the prudent and somewhat stern Mrs. Rumford, Mr. Westland also lent useful aid as the romantic young nephew, Flutter. Miss Henderson and Miss Hazelton fulfilled all the conditions required in the representation of the two small parts of the decoy foreign countess and Dora Stuart (Mrs. Rumford's sister). Messrs. Belleville and Robinson, as the bedecked confederates of the former, the Baron Von Teufenkarten and Prince Fordoroff, gave characteristic renderings of these shady characters, and Mr. Bishop again distinguished himself for a most admirable piece of original character acting as Sir Harecutt Shortleigh, which for quiet repose and minute finish has seldom been surpassed.

## THE STRAND THEATRE.

THOSE who roared with laughter at *Toodles*, or at Major de Boots, have even a still greater hilarious treat in store for them at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. J. S. Clarke nightly appears in a new character, that of Jeremiah Beetles, in *Babes and Beetles*, a new and greatly compressed version of Tom Taylor's old Haymarket comedy of *Babes in the Wood*. Jeremiah Beetles is the henpecked husband of the termagant landlady of a lodging-house in Jermyn-street, and "the Babes" are an unsophisticated young married couple, Frank and Lady Blanche Rushton, who are discarded by their respective parents on account of their imprudent marriage. The young couple are lodgers of the Beetles', and get into all sorts of scrapes and difficulties through lack of cash, their supplies having been suddenly cut off, until Lady Blanche is inaugurated by the garrulous Mrs. Beetles in the mysteries of the friendly pawnbroker, and of "up the spout," and relieves their present necessities by putting her diamond ring, a gift from her father, Lord Lazenby, "up the spout" for £50, giving the name of Mrs. Beetles as the depositor. During Lady Blanche's absence, her father, who dearly loves his daughter, and is only prevented from forgiving her by his second wife, the present Lady Lazenby, calls at the lodgings to privately aid the young couple, and is detected by Jeremiah enclosing a fifty pound note in an old envelope; Jeremiah at once seizes him as an intending thief, notwithstanding his lordship's protestations, and avowing himself as Lady Charlotte's father, and it is only the substantial bribe of a five pound note that convinces Jeremiah of his lordship's truthfulness and real intentions. The acting of Mr. Clarke in this scene is indescribably comic, in his sudden transition from arrogant insolence towards the supposed thief, to smiling and cringing servility to his lordship. Frank finds and takes possession of the fifty pound note, and he becomes frantically jealous. By an ingenious complication, through the name of Beetles being on the pawn-ticket, discord is raised between Jeremiah and Mrs. Beetles—first Jeremiah is incensed with jealousy, then the pair mutually accuse each other of having stolen and pledged the diamond ring. The young couple having gone through much privation, Lady Lazenby relents, and his lordship is now free to give his forgiveness, and restore them to wealth and position. The attraction of the farce, however, is the unceasing humour and intensely comic impersonation of Jeremiah Beetles by Mr. J. S. Clarke, who has full opportunity, and avails himself to the utmost, of displaying comedy acting of the most finished and artistic character, as well as the power he irresistibly exercises over the risible faculties of his audience. Most, indeed, all the other characters are quite subordinate to that of Jeremiah, but Miss Sallie Turner gave full force to the domineering acerbity of Mrs. Beetles. Miss Lottie Venn was charmingly bright and refined as Lady Blanche. Messrs. Vernon and Graham were commendable and gentlemanly representatives of Frank

Rushton, the young husband, and his friend, Sir John Loosestrife, whose gay proclivities unintentionally give rise to the unfounded jealousy of both Frank Rushton and Jeremiah Beetles, and Mr. Turner exhibited unwanted touches of occasional pathos as old Lord Lazenby. The revived extravaganza *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, one of the most successful of Strand burlesques, winds up the attractive programme.

## NATIONAL STANDARD.

MESSRS. DOUGLAS having brought their pantomime season, which has been deservedly very successful, to a close on Saturday evening, the popular actress, Miss Louise Moodie commenced an engagement here on Monday evening, and has repeated during the week the dual impersonation of Lady Isabel and Mrs. Vine in the drama of *East Lynne*, founded on Mrs. Henry Wood's well-known novel. Excellent and impressively touching as Miss Louise Moodie's delineation of the trials and sorrows of the betrayed and repentant heroine of this very sombre drama was, when she sustained the character with marked success at this house, during her last engagement here, nearly twelve months ago, the impersonation, owing to the thought and study this intelligent actress has with true artistic instincts evidently bestowed upon it in the interval, is now considerably improved. There are the same earnestness and intensity of power, withering and scornful disdain of her profligate betrayer, deep and heartfelt repentance, emotional tenderness and touching pathos, which formerly moved the audiences to tears, but these are now elaborated and rendered more finished by numerous delicate and subtle touches of well studied art. These results of continued study are conspicuous in the scenes of the wavering wife with her tempter in the first act, and of the outraged victim with her betrayer in the second, still more so in the succeeding act, where the repentant wife, disguised as Madame Vine, returns to her husband's house to nurse her little child Willie. Here the poor mother's joy at again looking at her child formed a striking contrast to the yearning of the poor mother's heart strings to again embrace her loved boy as he is being led away from her, while the agony endured by the mourner as little Willie dies in her arms, was expressed with heart-rending intensity. Miss Moodie was also deeply pathetic in her earnest supplication for her husband's forgiveness in her final interview with him previous to her death, which was very impressive, without being rendered too painful by over-elaboration. Miss Moodie was well supported by Mr. William Redmond as the wronged husband, Archibald Carlyle; by Mr. Ireland, as the villain, Captain Levison; and by Miss Kate Neville, in the small part of Barbara Hare, who became the second Mrs. Carlyle. The prevailing gloomy tone of the drama is greatly relieved by the really clever and humorous acting of Mrs. C. A. Clarke, as the spinster, Cornelia Carlyle; Mr. Percival as Lawyer Dil, and Mr. Brunton as Justice Hare—all three of whom afforded much hilarity to, and were loudly applauded by, the audience. *East Lynne* has been followed during the week by the favourite two act drama *For Sale*, with its final sensation scene of the sale by auction. *East Lynne* is only to be represented for a limited period, as a new drama, an adaptation from the French, is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced, under the title, *Roc Bruin; or, Home Again*, in which Miss Louise Moodie and Mr. William Redmond will sustain the two principal characters.

The Prince of Wales and the Prince and Princess Christian visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Friday evening, last week.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise) visited the Lyceum Theatre the same evening.

A special and the last performance of the pantomime, *Forty Thieves*, will be given at Drury Lane on Monday evening next, in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College.

On Saturday evening next, the 10th inst., an original romantic drama, written by Mr. Henry Spicer, will be produced at Drury Lane under the title of *Haska*. Mr. Creswick and Miss Leighton will appear in the two leading characters.

The last representation of *The Queen of Connaught*, at the Olympic, is announced for Saturday evening week, the 17th inst.; and on the following Monday, *The Wife's Secret* will be produced here for the benefit of Mr. Henry Neville, who, with Miss Bella Pateman, will sustain the two principal characters.

The fourth morning performance of *New Men and Old Acres*, will take place at the Court on Saturday next, 10th inst.

*The Prompter's Box* will be withdrawn from the programme of the Opera Comique on Monday night next, in consequence of Mr. Byron's provincial engagements.

The Duke's Theatre, Holborn, will open on the 31st of March next, with a new and original sensational drama, called *The Two Mothers*. The theatre will be under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer.

MISS RACHEL SANGER.—This charming young lady is "starring"—we use the word advisedly—at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. We feel sure that our London readers, with the recollection fresh in their minds of Miss Sanger's having been the performance in the transmogrified version of *Planché's Invisible Prince*, at the Globe, will fully endorse the observations made by the *Brighton and Sussex Daily Post*, with just appreciation of her merits. "Miss Rachel Sanger is one of the most delightful actresses we know. The deep sympathy with her part, whatever that part may be, whether in drama or extravaganza, which this lady never fails to manifest, combined with true conception and artistic portrayal, are indubitable tokens of the highest success. Towards this Miss Rachel Sanger is fast attaining. Lately she has made prodigious strides. Her popularity, already great, is growing. Very little longer, and we shall see her occupying the foremost place. We offer her our congratulations. Nobody is better pleased to notice her progress than we. Nobody is more interested in her than the Brighton public. For some years she was linked with keen enjoyment, and is still associated with pleasant memories. Graduating on the Brighton boards, we have watched her, and still watch her, with peculiar interest. Nothing pleases us better than her return amongst us. There is no one we can welcome more heartily; and the Brighton public who know her will join with us, while those who do not know her have but to become acquainted with her, and that acquaintance will evoke similar and equally cordial feelings with them as with us. Last night we had an illustration of Miss Rachel Sanger's varied powers, as she appeared in Dion Boucicault's drama, the *Colleen Bawn*, and William Brough's burlesque, *Ernani*. In the former piece she sustained the title rôle with marked success. She was captivating throughout. Her impersonation was marked with pathos, delicacy, and force. The whole portrayal was characterised with artistic power, and in the title rôle of *Ernani*, Miss Sanger displayed her charms in burlesque. She fairly carried the audience with her. Song after song was encored, and had to be repeated, not once, but time after time.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill London.—{Anv.}

## TURFIANA.

"STUD NEWS," is now becoming an important item of intelligence to all those who take an interest in the surroundings of sport, as well as in its bare superficialities. In spite of scoffers at theories and disbelievers in Stud Book teachings, each owner of brood mares bears silent witness to the truth of the first "principles of selection" by seeking out orthodox crosses for his collection, and while openly advocating the system of chance mating, in his heart seeks diligently out some precedent to guide him in his choice of sires. At Cobham they have an own sister to Ladylove, but we hear that Shannon has destroyed her Blair Athol foal, and thus this fine cross has been lost, but we hope only for a while. Armada has a Blair Athol colt, and so far as looks go, we hear that the young George Fredericks are all that can be desired. The dams of Forerunner and Pellegrino, two very differently bred mares, and both unfortunately barren, are on a visit to the "gentle Hermit of the dale" at Blankney, and they send him Tomato from Mentmore, where strangers are arriving fast, and we notice that Polly Agnes returns to her old love Macaroni. Perseverance and Qui Vive, another pair of "barreners," are in Strathconan's list, and doubtless both will be well suited by the grey's Newminster blood. With the exception of King Tom, this blood seems to mingle more successfully with that of Voltigeur mares than any other, as we have noted more than once, though the experiment has not been tried sufficiently as yet. At Dewsburst, Formosa has a filly by Young Melbourne, certainly about the last cross that we should have selected for a Buccaneer mare, and Scottish Chief will suit her far better. Virtue has unfortunately thrown twin fillies to this bonny bay, who is full again as a matter of course; but a goodly number of Mr. Gee's crack mares will have to be purchased this summer with burdens by Cecrops, which will hardly help them into higher figures than if they were able to boast more fashionable alliances.

Talking of Virtue reminds us of Acteon, of whom we are sorry to hear anything but flaming accounts. Last year he caused Robert Peck a deal of anxiety, and it seems that no sooner does the colt get round, and give promise of doing well, than he goes wrong once more; and if all we hear is true, it will be as much as he can do to pull round again by the end of May. Pellegrino we shall probably see stripped for the Guineas; and it should ever be borne in mind that the Palmers are an improving sort, and well served by plenty of time. There seems to be a great fondness among a certain division for Rob Roy, whose Two Thousand chance we might be induced to consider, but we should prefer the last six furlongs of the Rowley Mile for this very flashy customer, who is a most egregious flatcatcher, and as unlike a Derby horse as it is possible to conceive. With his white markings, showy action, and head and tail up, he is fitter to show off his paces on Rotten Row than to engage in the sterner business of a Derby mêlée. His forelegs are of the "stilt" order, and he is inclined to be short and jump up, and seems better adapted to the Ascot half mile than for the give-and-take course commencing below Sherwood's. Altogether, he is about as unlikely a horse as could be "made to order" for the Derby business; and a good many of the leading favourites must fall down, actually or metaphorically, before the "bold outlaw" can hope to be the first to meet Judge Clark's eye. The tartan jacket of the "laird of Kintail" possesses a goodly following among the clans out of Newmarket, and as Custance will probably be its bearer in the great race, a large section of the public will insist on being "on," so that all we can advise investors to do is to hedge their money at the earliest profitable opportunity, and to stand "a little up to nothing" on this very gaudy gentleman. Report whispers that he already "carries the bagpipes," but this is probably a weak invention of the enemy, and his case seems hopeless enough without adding roaring to his many drawbacks as a Derby candidate.

The institution of an ambulance, and the engagement of a couple of surgeons to attend at Sandown Park (as announced in a contemporary), looks more like the grim business in connection with "pistols for two and coffee for four" than a peaceful day's racing under the pine-crowned eminence at Esher. Still, the fences did not seem more formidable than usual, though we had been promised a reform in that direction, and apprehensions seem to be entertained that these competitive jumping examinations should not be made too stiff for fear of terrifying the weaker brethren, and thus narrowing down cross-country issues to the few which are really capable of more than mere striding over an obstacle. As long as we persist in bringing fences down to the level of *all* likely to compete, so long will Ireland continue to hold more than her own in this country, and we fully believe that it would pay their owners, if horses were educated early in life (as in Ireland) for the profession they were intended to enter, instead of their undergoing the uncertain process of conversion from flat racers into steeplechasers. We don't venture to pick out representative performers at the leaping bar from the ranks of sprinting athletes, and although in many cases the new business is taken to kindly, competitors should be more "to the manner born." But reverting to the "surgical appliances" above mentioned, we think it high time that more precautions should be taken to procure the ready means of relief in case of accidents, as the "nearest hospital" to a race course may be many miles away, and the means of reaching some temporary accommodation is too often frightfully rough and ready. We have, or used to have among us plenty of sporting doctors, who might not be unwilling to vary the dull routine of a round of country patients by accepting the appointment of "consulting surgeons" to the local race-committee, and the inquisition chamber might adjoint the weighing room, or remain upon wheels, like a postal telegraph van, in some convenient spot. We have surely got beyond the improvised hurdle-stretcher and raw drinking-booth brandy process, remedies in many cases worse than the accident itself.

The death of Eastern Princess removes another landmark of the Stud Book, but her posthumous fame may be as great as her living reputation, should Athol Lad, or either of his two younger brothers, emulate the deeds of their mighty elder brother, Prince Charlie. Mr. Jones's famous old mare has long been a well known "character" each spring at Cobham, whether she came regularly on a visit to Blair Athol; and it was seldom that Mr. Bell omitted to lead his visitors down his garden to the wicket-gate, leading into the snug paddock below, where the crack mares were generally quartered, so as to be under the manager's watchful eye. That splendid outline, with deep chestnut coat, and flaxen mane and tail, was known to every "casual" about the place; and there is no more pleasing effort of Harry Hall's than that which depicts her with foal at foot and in company with her dam Tomyris, ruminating in the rich pastures which surround the fen farm of their owner. Never was there a finer type of the thoroughbred matron, and next to Blair Athol, Thermanby was her most favoured lover, Camel and Thuringian Prince both being good winners, while from Tomyris, the Windhound chestnut begat another two-year-old flyer in Hester. The brief notice of her death in a contemporary reminds us of the obituary record of some celebrity of the human race, concluding as it does with the grave announcement that "her remains were removed from Newmarket for interment at Littleport," where we presume the "fine old British yeoman" has placed them in the "sacred storeroom of her predecessors."

The sale of Shinal to Sir Morgan Crofton has been the talk of

the week, and various prices have been named; but the horse still remains in John Nightingall's stable, and this determination on the part of his new owner should impart additional confidence to his supporters among the public. Now that Chandos has gone, it is to be feared hopelessly, we shall take Regal to represent us in his place, as good accounts continue to reach us of his forward state of preparation.

The Croydon Hurdle Race is the big event of next week, and inasmuch as the last move in the game of speculation may be the most significant, we can only treat of the race having regard to the present aspect of the money market. That Broadside is a genuine candidate there can be little doubt, and he has been supported by parties who seldom make mistakes in their calculations. Still, it happens not unfrequently that well-known and approved good stayers on the flat have to give way to candidates with flashier pedigrees and more doubtful lasting credentials when it comes to cross-country business. For Scamp we have no particular fancy at the time of writing, but Ebor is a candidate much more to our taste, and we quite expect him to show prominently in the race, while Ingomar must be bad to beat if in his best form. By these two we shall elect to stand, leaving Broadside out in the cold, reluctantly enough, but preferring the old stayer to the novice.

Mr. Anderson's bill, which has been dismally discounted by more than one sporting writer, is likely to be nothing very formidable after all, and meetings of twenty years standing are not to be interfered with at all, so that there is still hope for those "well-conducted and orderly" gatherings, the praises of which have been chanted so loudly by those most interested in their retention in the Calendar.

Lord Falmouth's second letter to the *Daily Telegraph* has failed, in our opinion, to strengthen his position, which was formidable enough without any additional bolstering; and "Bras de Fer," in the *World*, has commented upon the great "reciprocity" question in terms with which we cordially agree. The Jockey Club debate upon the subject should be most interesting, and it is a pity that the public can only become acquainted with the conclusions arrived at by that august body without a report of the arguments brought forward by both sides of the "House." Lord Falmouth's is a moderate measure compared with the propositions of Lords Hardwicke and Vivian; and we can hardly doubt that some sort of restriction will be placed on foreign enterprise by the ruling powers.

## SKYLARK.

## ATHLETICS, BILLIARDS, AQUATICS.

As is usually the case during the interregnum of the racing season, billiards form the chief amusement of the talent, and in consequence several matches of great importance have taken place lately. In former articles I have noticed the two defeats of the ex-champion, Joseph Bennett, by T. Taylor, on a championship table, each for £100 a side, and I have now to chronicle another reverse of fortune experienced by the first-named, this time by the medium of S. W. Stanley, who on Monday last, beat the ex-champion in a match of 1000 points level on an ordinary match table for £50 a side, in the banqueting saloon of the Gaiety Restaurant, Strand. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, of Soho-square, supplied one of their tables for the game, and this itself is a sufficient guarantee of its entire fitness for the object in view. Stanley was made the favourite at starting, and early in the game assumed a strong lead. Breaks of 91 (fourteen and thirteen spots) and 55 (fourteen spots), making his score 152 to 82 for Bennett, whose best runs up to this juncture amounted to 25 and 35 only. The elder player now showed a little of his very best form, as before ceasing to score, at his next attempt he put together a grand break of 194 (forty-four spots). Up to the interval, Bennett was not again deprived of the lead, his best runs being 76, all round, 35 and 128 (ten and fifteen spots); Stanley in the meantime adding 115 (twenty-five spots) and 47 (ten spots). When play ceased, temporarily, the marker called the game, Bennett 550, Stanley 428. On resuming play the character of the contest underwent a most marvellous and rapid change, as Stanley in quick succession amassed breaks of 229 (seventy-five spots), 226 (twenty-eight and forty-three spots), and 68 (unfinished, which included seventeen spots), and won easily by 207 points. Bennett's best breaks after the interval being 188 (fifty-eight spots) and 47 (ten spots). As a proof what effect the spot stroke had on the result, it should be stated that Stanley scored no less than 762 by that alone. The game was carefully marked by Oxford Jonathan, while Tom Stuart officiated with the rest and butts. When it is stated that the entire arrangements for the contest were in the hands of Mr. Wm. Bell (the champion's business manager) enough has been said to vouch that the comfort of the spectators was thoroughly attended to. One other item of billiards calls for a few remarks from me. I refer to the commencement of a handicap on the American system at the Gaiety, which was promoted by that enterprising firm of billiard-table makers, above mentioned, who offered to give £100, which, in addition to the gate money, after paying expenses, will be divided among the most successful players in a corresponding ratio to the number of games won. The entries are, Cook (scratch); Taylor (150); J. Bennett (150); Stanley (150); Timbrell (150); Kilkenny (150); F. Bennett (200); and Shorter (200). The games are 500 points up, and it will be doubtless understood that each player contends in turn against every other one. In case of a tie between two or more players they will have to play off the games. Without wishing to "puff" Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, I cannot, in justice, pass over the fact that they succeeded in removing the table used by Bennett and Stanley, in their match on Monday evening, and substituting a perfectly new one by three o'clock on Tuesday, at which time the handicap commenced. The first of the two heats in the afternoon was between Taylor and Timbrell, both of whom started at 150. The former was strongly fancied, but to the manifest surprise of his admirers, Timbrell never gave the Londoner until the finish of the game. The Liverpool man, with breaks of 40 and 56 made his game 303 to 196 for Taylor, when the latter put on 71 (twelve spots). Timbrell then with 34 got as far as 337, but Taylor by breaks of 50 (fifteen spots) and 43 for the first and only time took the lead, the score being 367 for him to 351 for Timbrell who ran out with an unfinished break of 150 (forty-nine spots), the game having lasted 48 minutes only. The second game occupied an hour and five minutes, J. Bennett beating Stanley 191 points, the ex-champion making consecutive breaks of 71 and 55 early in the game, while he at the close put on a grand run of 117 (thirty spots). Stanley's best attempts resulted in 33, 27, 22 and others of less note. In the evening Shorter (200) beat Kilkenny (150) by 168 points, the winner's best break being his concluding one, viz.: of 121 (thirty-two spots), while Kilkenny could only succeed in compiling 69 and 27 as his best. To win up the first day Cook simply made mincemeat of Fred. Bennett (200), the champion scoring 110 (ten and nineteen spots) 38, 33 and 97, his last run. Bennett did nothing of note, and the champion won by 149 points in just one hour.

On Wednesday afternoon, Kilkenny (150) beat Timbrell (150) by 122 points, the winner's best breaks being 58 (all round) and 65 (6 spots); while the Liverpool man compiled, as his best

efforts, 58 (25 spots) and 50 (16 spots) the game being slow, and by no means a fair ensample of the contestants true form.

The second heat in the afternoon, T. Taylor (150) v. F. Bennett (200) was a complete walk over for the former, who, when the game was called, Bennett 295, Taylor 165, holed the red 22 times in a break of 93, which he immediately followed up with one of 198 (42 spots), and Bennett failing to score to any extent, Taylor ultimately won by 155 points in 43 minutes.

Shortly after eight o'clock, S. W. Stanley (150) antagonised W. Cook (scratch), and the glorious uncertainty of billiards was fully illustrated, the latter never appearing to warm to his work, while the former had improved in form. Stanley won with ease by 381 points, in 40 minutes.

The game of the handicap so far, and indeed of all previous public essays on handicap terms, was that ensuing between F. Shorter (200) v. J. Bennett (150), as after the latter had given two misses to Shorter's one, the last-named put the red in 46 and 48 times, thus running out a winner by 349 points, in the fast time of 19min. The management intends to recognise this exploit by presenting the winner with a silver cup on the completion of the handicap.

The last of the third ties for the Association Challenge Cup at football took place at Kennington Oval on Saturday last, the rival teams being Oxford University and Upton Park. It was confidently expected that the University men would make short work of their opponents, but the sequel will show the fallacy of counting one's chickens before the process of incubation is satisfactorily completed. Although up to half-time the Oxonians showed to greater advantage than their opponents, several corner-kicks falling to their share, no score was obtained therefrom. On ends being changed, and with the wind against them, Oxford still pressed down upon the Upton Park lines, and again they had several corner-kicks, with the same result as before. No goal, however, having resulted when "time" was called, the match ended in a draw, and will be played again on Saturday, March 10th. The fifth ties were drawn on Monday night, and the Wanderers will contend against either Oxford University or Upton Park on March 17th, and the winners will have to meet Cambridge University for the final on March 24th. Of the second ties for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup, under Rugby Rules, the last contest was played at Kennington, on Monday, between St. Thomas's and Charing Cross, and after a most one-sided and unexciting affair, St. Thomas's won by three goals, five tries and several touches down to nothing. After the game the third ties were drawn as under; St. Thomas's v. University, Guy's a bye. St. Thomas's and University played their tie, the penultimate, yesterday (Wednesday) at the Oval, and after a very close game the former won by a goal and three touches down to a goal and one touch down. St. Thomas's will therefore have to meet Guy's for the final on Thursday, March 8.

As the Cambridge University crew will in all probability make their débüt on the Thames on Monday next, I shall content myself by merely stating that they are progressing as well as their most enthusiastic admirers could wish, although Hoskyns and Holmes are continually being chopped and changed about on the bow thwart. This, I am given to understand, arises from the fact that Hoskyns has been suffering from a slight cold, but from the circumstance that he has been grouped in a photograph with the rest of the crew, it is fair to be assumed that he will finally be found in that seat. On Monday last Oxford were afloat for the first time in their light boat, and of course the impression formed of their merits was not a very favourable one. They, however, have been doing a vast amount of hard work, and give their mentor satisfactory evidence of improvement, and it seems highly improbable that either of the reserve men, Burne, Brinton, Booth, or Stainton will be called upon to supply any vacancy. A glance at the following table will show the weights of the two crews at present, but of course they will vary considerably before the eventful day:

## OXFORD. CAMBRIDGE.

	st lb	st lb	
D. J. Cowles (bow) .....	11 3	B. G. Hoskyns (bow) .....	11 0
J. M. Boustead .....	12 9	T. W. Lewis .....	11 8
H. Pelham .....	12 7	J. C. Fenn .....	11 8
W. H. Grenfell .....	12 11	W. B. Close .....	12 0
H. J. Stayner .....	12 11	L. G. Pike .....	12 12
A. M. Mulholland .....	12 7	C. Gurdon .....	13 3
T. C. Edwardes-Moss .....	12 4	T. E. Hoskyn .....	13 4
A. P. Marriott (stroke) ..	12 3	C. D. Shafto (stroke) .....	12 4
F. M. Beaumont (cox.) ..	7 0	G. L. Davis (cox.) .....	7 7

Pressure on space compels my remarks on athletics to be but short; even was there much to say, the events, however, which have taken place lately have been of so ordinary a character that there is no alternative but brevity. In the Strangers' 440 Yards Handicap at St. John's College Sports, Oxford, last Saturday, the final heat was productive of a grand finish. The four starters were the Hon. A. L. Pelham (R.A.C. Cirencester), 18, first; E. H. Kinder (B.N.C.), 29, second; W. C. Churchill (C.U.A.C.), 10, third; M. R. Portal (Balliol), 27, 0; R. E. Leach (Magdalen, Cambridge), 17, 0. The winner had matters pretty much his own way, and won easily by a yard in 15 1-5 sec.—a fairly good performance, but nothing out of the way. The final in the Strangers' 440 yards handicap was run on Tuesday, with the following result:—F. W. Humphrey (Christ Church), 25, first; J. K. Marshall (Pembroke), 28, second; H. H. Whately (Christ Church), 21, third. Humphrey won after a slashing race by six inches only, the other two being close together. Time, 50 3-5 sec.

THE charity ball at the Grand Opera, Paris, on Tuesday evening was one of the most brilliant fêtes Paris has witnessed. The interior arrangements embraced a grand display of floricultural taste in a profusion of tropical plants, camellias in full bloom, natural flower-beds, countless mirrors, elegant statuary, fountains in full play, and a myriad of gas-lights. The portion of the house occupied on ordinary nights by the audience was boarded over; and the Foyer de la Danse was cut off for the use of the illustrious host and hostess. Solemn ushers, with the traditional chain round their necks, paraded the passages for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with the ins and outs of the new Opera House. Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess of Magenta arrived towards half-past ten; and for the sum of 25f Paris tradesmen had the privilege of elbowing for a few hours the best society in the city. The gorgeous illumination outside attracted a large number of people. The distressed Lyons workpeople, for whose benefit the fête was organised, will, it is said, realize about 50,000 francs from the net proceeds.

MR. W. H. HARPER, a name well known in the musical world, will take a benefit at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kensington, on Friday, 2nd of March. The gentleman in question has suffered from long and serious illness, and his services in art, coupled with this fact, and such a brilliant display of names as grace his programme, make his benefit important. Amongst others, notably are those of Madame Worrell-Duval, Mr. Theo. Distin, and the titles of such societies as the Owl Glee Club and the Southwark Choral Society.

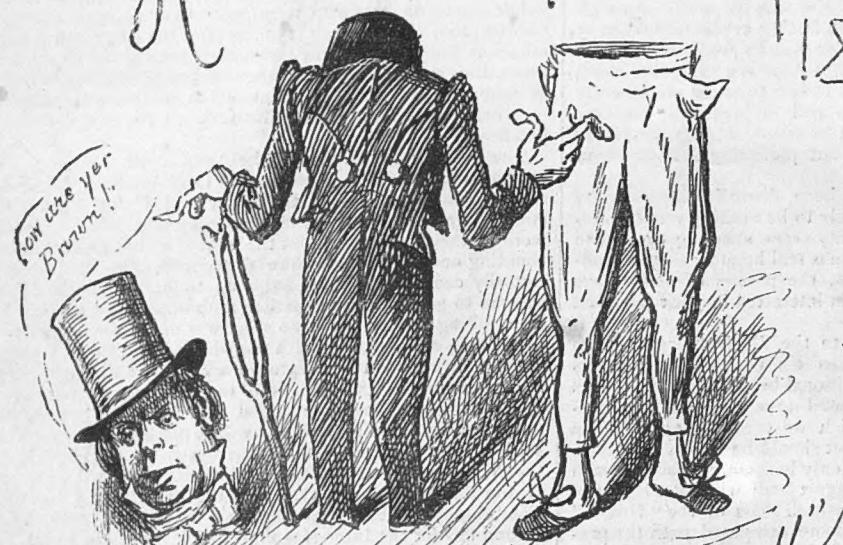
DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Robinson, Chemist, Hull.—In all affections of the Chest, old standing Asthma, and neglected Colds, they seem to act like a charm." In Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and Rheumatism, they give instant relief. Sold at 1s. 1d., by all Druggists.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, or two or three at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]

# Humours of the past Month. February.

1877.

John Parry's Farewell!



"Gaiety! Goole in three pieces!!"



THE CRITIC

Charles - the Second -



Saint Valentines Day  
Early rose, just at the break of day —  
These first spied, and the first swain we see  
In spite of Fortune, shall our true love be."

Gay -

Mid-Hat fashion  
— fancy portrait.

Dramatic

Mrs. Sick Fund.

Stirling goes round  
with the Hat —  
and a very pretty  
Figure in the  
Hat too.

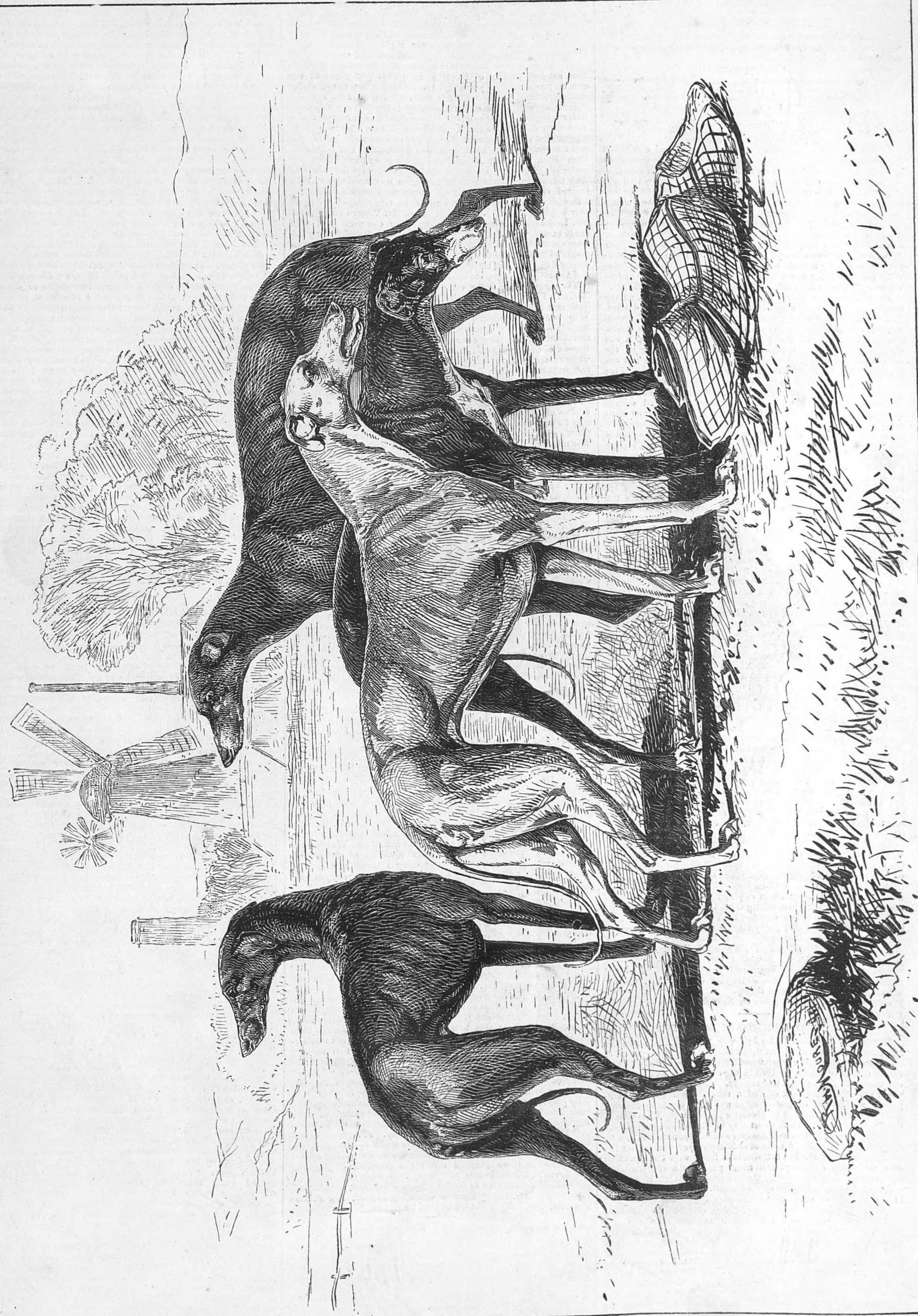
£.210.



Parliament meets  
"The same old game."

Retch  
Feb. 1877

"WATERLOO" WINNERS.



POACHER (Plate).

COOMASIE (Cup).

CHANGE (Purse).

## MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE sixty-fifth season of the Philharmonic Society opened last week with a concert, at which the following pieces were executed:—

## PROGRAMME.

Concert Overture ( <i>Melusine</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn
Recit. and Air ( <i>Semele</i> ).....	Handel
Symphony No. 5 in C minor.....	Beethoven
Ode, "Dalla torre" ( <i>Saffo</i> ) .....	Gounod
Concerto Drammatico (for violin) .....	Spoerh
Duetto, "Da te lontan" .....	Cusins
Overture ( <i>Oberon</i> ) .....	Weber

Conductor, MR. W. G. CUSINS.

In this selection of music five of the great classical composers are illustrated. The modern operatic school is represented by Gounod, and English musical art by Mr. W. G. Cusins. We are glad to see the last-named concession to native art, and hope that the privilege accorded to the conductor of the society will be extended to other English composers in turn, at each of the nine remaining concerts of the season. The prospectus of the Philharmonic Society's 1877 season shews few leanings in this direction. Three compositions, by Bennett, Barnett, and Sullivan, will be repeated, and one new work—a violin concerto by Professor Macfarren—will be produced. The remainder of the repertory consists of works by foreign composers. Surely better encouragement might be given to art by a society which for more than half a century has been the chief representative of English musicians.

At the Alexandra Palace Symphony Contest last year, a large number of composers competed for the prize, and the judges, Mr. Macfarren and Herr Joachim, reported favourably of several symphonies submitted to them, especially of the best three. Finally, they adjudged the prize to Mr. Davenport, and it was understood that his symphony would be performed at the Alexandra Saturday Concerts in the autumn of 1876. The unhappy collapse of the Alexandra Palace rendered this impossible; Mr. Davenport has had no opportunity of hearing his work performed in public; his competitors have not been allowed to hear the symphony which eminent judges preferred, and critical musicians have been debarred a hearing of an important composition, which was found worthy of a prize by two distinguished judges. Would it not have been a graceful and becoming act if the Philharmonic Society had included Mr. Davenport's prize symphony in their programme of this season? Here was no difficulty as to doubtful merits and an unknown work. It had been declared worthy a prize by two musicians intimately connected with the society; the score was ready, and the prize-giver (a private gentleman) would have been glad to facilitate the performance of a work which ostensibly owed its existence to his initiative. We are reluctantly led to the conclusion that the Philharmonic Society is resolved to "stand in the ancient ways," and to lag behind the spirit of the age. We have no antipathy to foreigners; and we should be sorry to see the great works of classical composers disappear from the programmes of the society, but we contend that it might and should afford more liberal recognition to native art. At present, it is little more than a concert society, giving eight or ten concerts annually, which are almost entirely devoted to the performance of well-known works. During the present season the only important novelty will be a symphony by Silas. The new symphony in C, by Brahms, will be performed, but will have been previously heard at the Joachim Concert to be given next Thursday. There was a time when great orchestral works could only be heard to perfection at the society's concerts. That time has passed away, for ever. Amateurs are accustomed to hear, at the Crystal Palace Concerts, finer performances than any which are given by the Philharmonic Society, and at Sydenham during half the year they are provided with a succession of novelties, representing the progress of contemporary art. The New Philharmonic Society is also a powerful rival. Every musician must feel interested in the prosperity of an institution which has in the course of its career done so much for art as the Philharmonic Society has in former times accomplished, but it is useless as well as unfriendly to conceal the fact that it has for several years ignored its vocation, and relapsed into a sleepy conservatism, ominous of decay. It is probably too late now to remodel the arrangements of the current season, but it is earnestly to be hoped that next year a more energetic, enterprising, and eclectic spirit, and a greater desire to foster rising talent, may characterise the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society.

The instrumental performances were, on the whole, satisfactory, although many better renderings of the *Melusine* overture and the C minor symphony have been heard. The concerto for violin, written by Spoerh in imitation of a vocal scena, was well played by Mr. Henry Holmes. Unfortunately, his nerve forsook him at the critical moment when about to play his own Cadenza, and he apologised to the audience, telling them he was "too nervous to play it." Hearty applause expressed the general sympathy, and it is certain that allowance may justly be made for the nervousness of this excellent artist, considering how rarely he—or any other English violinist—has a chance of displaying his abilities in public. Handel's aria was conscientiously sung by Mr. Cummings, and Madame Edith Wynne did justice to "Dalla torre." The two artists joined in the uninteresting duet by Mr. Cusins, who conducted with his usual ability.

The next concert will be given on Thursday, March 8.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

REPENTANCE is said to be half way to atonement; and the last concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society may be regarded as an acknowledgment of the justice which has pervaded the condemnatory remarks often made late in the obstructive and lethargic character of its proceedings. In place of a hackneyed work, the subscribers were offered a miscellaneous concert, comprising a selection of instrumental and vocal music by Handel, and "A cantata, adapted to Mozart's music for the Litany, in B flat." A programme of this sort may be welcomed as an earnest of better things, but is not likely to satisfy remonstrants, who complain that the Sacred Harmonic Society does nothing for the encouragement of modern art, contents itself with the repetition of a well-worn repertory, and never performs a modern work until after it has been produced at some provincial festival, and the orchestral parts may be cheaply obtained. England has always been the home of oratorio. The Sacred Harmonic Society is at the head of oratorio societies in England, and has its duties, as well as its distinctions. At present it neglects its duties, and turns its distinctions to commercial advantage by sharing the profits of Handel Festivals, &c., and devoting its surplus funds to private uses in the shape of provision for deserving members. If it were conducted less on the shopkeeping principle, and more in conformity with the instincts which animate artistic minds, it might become the glory of English art. It might at least produce one new oratorio every year, and thus justify its pretensions. It is doubtless true that when new works are given, the pecuniary results are unsatisfactory, and that no matter how often *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *Elijah* may be given they always bring profits; but the ex-

clusion of new works on such grounds as these is a sordid illustration of the shop-keeping principle already referred to. The Society has a large number of subscribers. Would the number be diminished—would it not more probably be increased, if subscribers were sure to hear one new work every season? There would be no lack of material. Composers would work hard to obtain the honour of public performance of their compositions by what, under such circumstances, would be "The Oratorio Society of England." Art would be stimulated, and the Society itself would attain a more elevated position, and gain fresh vitality. The musical jumble of incongruous pieces performed at the concert under notice presented no attraction for musicians or cultivated amateurs, and we are not surprised to learn that the "pecuniary results" were unsatisfactory, although it was unusually well advertised. Had half the money expended on the performance been devoted to the production of a new prize work, the "pecuniary results" would probably have been more gratifying, and the effort would have been commendable. The selections from Handel chiefly comprised separate extracts from his oratorios. Detached from their contexts, they were shorn of half their interest, and although the execution was satisfactory, they excited only languid attention. Madame Campobello-Sinico, although evidently unwell, gave a finished rendering of "Angels ever bright and fair." Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas sang admirably. The choruses were well sung, except when the hapless sopranos were extinguished by the tenors and basses, in conjunction with the stentorian organ and powerful band, and Sir Michael Costa rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm in his happiest style; but the case was hopeless, and the musical fragments made but a sorry meal.

The signal failure of the concert was the "Cantata adapted to Mozart's Litany in B flat." This proved to be an adaptation of irrelevant English words to Mozart's well-known Litany Mass. Why was it improperly and incorrectly designated? If the Society is so strictly Protestant in its religious principles that it shrinks from performing a mass as a mass, it should leave it alone. Instead of taking this course, it traded in the name of Mozart, while emasculating and spoiling his work by the substitution of inappropriate words in the place of those by which the music was inspired. The sentiment of the music was lost, and a fine work was profaned. Should Verdi's *Requiem* be performed at Exeter Hall, we may expect to hear it "adapted" to words from the Psalms of David, or perhaps even to the proverbs of Tupper. It may be contended that even under such circumstances the composer's music would be heard. But it would not be fairly heard. The music and the words form an artistic unity. Verdi would protest against such a distortion of his work, and we cannot admire the short-sighted bigotry which ventures to inflict on the dead Mozart an indignity which no one would dare to offer to the living Verdi.

Haydn's "Seasons" will be performed March 23.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MADAME SCHUMANN made her re-appearance, for the season, at the Saturday Popular Concert, given this day week, and performed Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses," in a style which left no doubt as to her full retention of the great executive ability which has placed her in the first rank among modern pianists. She also took part in Beethoven's splendid trio in B flat, Op. 97, in which she distinguished herself no less by her sympathetic and intellectual reading than by her brilliant execution. She was ably supported by M. M. Straus and Piatti. The last-named artist played a violoncello solo, an "Elegy," of his own composition, with marvellous finish and expression. Mozart's quartet, in D major, No. 7, was well played by M. M. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, and three vocal selections were successfully sung by Mr. Barton McGuckin, who possesses an exceptionally fine voice, and knows how to use it. Sir Julius Benedict conducted in his usual masterly style.

Madame Schumann will appear at all the remaining Popular Concerts of the present series. She was enthusiastically greeted on Saturday last, and cannot fail to prove a powerful attraction at these delightful concerts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—MR. HENRY SMART'S "FISHERMAIDENS."

At the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday last, a "Student's Evening Concert" was given, and was rendered specially attractive by the performance of a new cantata for female voices, composed by Mr. Henry Smart, a writer who occupies a deservedly high rank among English musicians. The new work is entitled *The Fishermaidens*, and Mr. Weatherley, the writer of the libretto, has provided a variety of scenes well suited to lyric purposes, although in other respects he cannot be congratulated, and cannot be excused for such rhymes, for instance as

The sails that faintly stir,

Are all the sounds we hear.

Mr. Smart has shown great ability in avoiding the tameness and monotony which might be expected to result from the entire absence of male voices throughout the cantata. The music assigned to the fishermaidens is well contrasted with that written for the "Sea-Maidens," whose siren strains tempt mortals to destruction. No. 5, a "Choral Scene," in which the two groups of voices alternate and combine, is highly effective; and in No. 7, a "Chorus of Fishermaidens," a happy effect is obtained by the introduction of a distant chorus of nuns, whose voices, singing an "Ave Maria," blend with the melody sung by the Fishermaidens. The only important solo is a ballad, entitled "It was the little Lilian," which is simple, but effective, with a pleasant modulation from the opening in A minor to A major. It is unlucky that Mr. Weatherley should have so written his lines that the accent falls on the last instead of the first syllable of "Lilian." The solo parts were well sung by Mdles. Brand, Davies, Reimar, Patterson, and Orridge. The pianoforte accompaniment, skilfully played by Mr. Bampfylde, is picturesque and striking, and does much to compensate for the absence of an orchestra. The choruses were excellently sung by the lady students of the R.A.M., and Mr. Walter Macfarren conducted ably. A number of detached vocal and instrumental pieces were given by students of the Academy in a manner which reflected great credit on the system of instruction there pursued under the direction of Professor Macfarren and his able staff of teachers. We have not space for particulars, but are glad to record the success of the concert, and especially of Mr. Henry Smart's charming cantata, *The Fishermaidens*.

## ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

BEETHOVEN's Pastoral Symphony was performed at the Westminster Aquarium, on Monday last, and an attempt was made to render it additionally attractive by the aid of an illustrative panorama. Similar attempts have been made on former occasions; but without success. To listen properly to the Pastoral Symphony requires intense and undivided attention to be paid to every bar of the music, and if the eye be tempted to indulge, the ear must forego a portion of its duties. When the work was performed at Drury Lane Theatre some years back, under the direction of Mr.

Howard Glover, not only scenery but acting was introduced; the rustics danced, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and after the storm cleared up the pious rustics devoutly expressed their gratitude in pious pantomime. Of course it was impossible to pay attention to the actors and to the music at the same time, and the experiment was so lamentable a failure that it was never repeated in London. The attempt made on Monday last was equally unsuccessful, and Beethoven played second fiddle to Mr. Julian Hicks, the painter of the new panorama. It must be owned that the pastoral symphony has seldom been heard to so little advantage. In order to allow an unobstructed view of the panorama the band were placed on the floor in front of the reserved seats, and except in forte passages the music was almost inaudible. But the music was evidently a secondary consideration with most of the numerous audience. When an extra attractive bit of scenery came into view they applauded lustily, and looked upon the musical amateurs, who tried to "hush" them down, as either stupid or spiteful. At the conclusion of the symphony, the place of honour was again assigned to the scenic artist, who was called twice before the curtain and greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and cries of "Bravo, Hicks! Bravo, Icks!" Then came the composer's turn; and in compliance with a call from the occupants of the reserved seats, Mr. George Mount, who had ably directed the performance of his excellent, though badly-located band, came forward and returned thanks for Beethoven in a "neat and appropriate" series of bows. From a musical point of view this new attempt at pictorial illustration of Beethoven's glorious work is a complete failure, and a profanation of his genius. The sooner other music is substituted the better.

Considered as a spectacle, Mr. Julian Hicks's "Vision of Music" must be pronounced a brilliant success, and ought to draw the whole town to see it. He has painted a succession of classical landscapes which, although imaginative compositions, are wonderfully real in their fidelity to nature. Figures are happily introduced, and relieve the architectural studies as well as the lake, forest, and mountain landscapes, in which the artist is seen at his best, and the difficulties attendant on changes of scene are cleverly surmounted. Laudable attempts are made to embody the spirit of Beethoven's orchestral poem, and they result in charming pictures, although the impossibility of doing justice to Beethoven is always apparent. Thus, for instance, the cleverly painted picture of the rustic dance fails to convey the ideas of motion and change suggested by Beethoven's inimitable Scherzo. The classic figures with their limbs in fixed positions appear to be petrifactions rather than the living realities evoked by the imaginations of those who listen to the music of Beethoven; the "drunken bassoon player" is missing, and few lovers of Beethoven will be willing to accept the academical classicality of Mr. Hicks for the homely and modern rusticity suggested by the music. The pictorial illustration of the "Storm scene" was hardly so happy as the rest of the pictures, and we must protest warmly against the impudent introduction of the vulgar "stage thunder" as an adjunct to Beethoven's glorious music. Mr. Hicks should leave the profanation of great composers to such "arrangers and adaptors" as Liszt and Wagner. He may be congratulated on the production of the most beautiful panorama which has been seen for many years, and the hearty applause which he received was honourably earned. But his panorama will stand on its own merits, and the assassination of Beethoven should be discouraged.

## MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERT.

THE 13th Annual Concert of Mr. Walter Bache was given on Tuesday last, at St. James's Hall, and attracted a large audience, amongst whom were many eminent musicians and connoisseurs. As usual at Mr. Bache's concerts, the programme consisted almost entirely of selections from the works of his teacher, Franz Liszt, of whom he is an able exponent and an enthusiastic partisan. Indeed, were it not for Mr. Bache's concerts, the more important works of Liszt would hardly be known to English amateurs. Whether the pupil makes many converts to his own faith in Liszt as an orchestral composer may be doubted. In the programmes of our two Philharmonic Societies only one work by Liszt is this season to be found, and this is merely a mezzo-soprano scene. Liszt's position here resembles that of the bailiff, who, disguised as a gentleman, vainly sought admission into the house of the impudent William Penn. "Tell Mr. Penn," said the bailiff to the Quaker door-keeper, "that I only want him to see me for a moment." "Friend," replied the trusty servant, "William Penn has seen thee—and he doth not like thee!" Thus does Liszt, through the zealous agency of Mr. Bache, demand a hearing for fresh works every year, and thus do the great majority of musical connoisseurs reply: "Friend, we have heard thee—and we do not like thee!" He was heard under the most advantageous circumstances on Tuesday last. An admirable band, comprising nearly 100 of our best instrumentalists, had been engaged, and the principal works were conducted by Mr. Manns, the pianoforte played by Mr. Bache himself, who must be accepted as one of the ablest interpreters of his master's ideas. What was the result? Could an impartial judge find any inducement to recognise in Liszt the qualifications which should be combined in a great orchestral composer? Audacity and that wayward eccentricity which is often substituted for creative originality were abundantly manifested, but fresh musical ideas of any value were not presented. The "Symphonic Poem" entitled *Mazeppa*, already heard and condemned at Leipzig and at the Crystal Palace, was on this occasion performed with the prodigious number of extra stringed instruments demanded by the composer—only to make its actual poverty of ideas more signally conspicuous. It contains some acceptable passages. The portion which describes the exhaustion and misery of Mazeppa when the steed drops dead at the end of the three days ride is suggestive and picturesque, and good use is made of the original Cossack tune introduced in the finale, but the rest of the work is made up of beginnings which have no results, of wearisome recurrence to the "chord of the diminished seventh," of irritating changes of tonality, and meaningless noise. Liszt's A major pianoforte concerto we have on a former occasion discussed, and see no reason to change our opinion of it after its performance on Tuesday last. The same remark will apply to the hopelessly dreary enigmatical symphonic poem, "Les Préludes." The only vocal piece at this remarkable concert was a so-called "ballad"—neatly sung by Mrs. Osgood—a setting by Liszt of Heinrich Heine's poem "Lorelei." From such ballads may Heaven defend us! With the very word "ballad" the idea of melody seems to be naturally connected, but Liszt is either unwilling or unable to satisfy ordinary requirements, and the only instance in which a distinct melody is indicated is in the leading phrase which runs through the vocal part, and the orchestral accompaniment. It is remarkable—considering the antipathy of the modern German school for such writers as Rossini—that the phrase in question is taken literally from *Guillaume Tell*. The concert commenced with a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra; the pianoforte part written by Chopin, the orchestral score (without Chopin's permission) by Mr. Klindworth. Whatever may be the weakness of Chopin as an orchestral composer, and whatever the merits of Mr. Klindworth, transmogrifications of this kind falsify musical history; and deserve condemnation. An attempt at apology is made, in a good-natured preface to the programme of this concert; and

the writer (Mr. Dannreuther) offers a defence which it may be worth while hereafter to examine.

It is impossible not to admire the perseverance with which Mr. Bach year after year makes large pecuniary sacrifices on behalf of his master—difficult to repress regret that so able an artist should be thus hopelessly engaged. Liszt's orchestral works have been heard, and condemned by almost every qualified judge in this country, and, so far as the mass of our melody-loving people are concerned, they have no chance of acceptance. He will always be admired as a marvellous pianist, and as the writer of capital "transcriptions" and such charming trifles as his "Ronde des Lutins," but at present he has achieved nothing which entitles him to a place among great composers. He should confine himself to the manufacture of piano-forte solos. "Little boats should keep near shore." His little barque is safe while he keeps within sight of the familiar coast-line of transcriptions and other minor works, but inevitably founders when he ventures out on that great ocean of music which was triumphantly navigated by the Beethoven whom he and his school affect to patronise, and the Mendelssohn whom they despise.

### OLD FRIENDS IN NEW PLACES.

FROM the Surrey valley to the Berkshire ridge is not a far cry, but the removal of even a fair sized stud over the county border is an undertaking few breeders would relish, attended as the process of "flitting" is by so many moving accidents by rail and road. However, things at Beenham may be deemed to have settled down very satisfactorily, considering the short time that its equine tenants have been in possession, and the precious freight of thoroughbreds was landed in new habitations without a scratch last autumn, their new boxes being ready for occupation upon their arrival. The change is a considerable one, especially as regards soil and situation, but it is for the better, and advantage has been taken, in breaking fresh breeding ground, of the opportunity afforded of utilising all the latest improvements in the way of accommodation. The air is fine, bracing, and pure on the ridge under which Beenham House nestles snugly, its park sloping down towards the "Kennett swift, for silver eels renowned," and its outlook being towards the Berkshire and Wiltshire downs in the distance, Kingsclere breaking the sky-line in one direction, while immediately opposite dark pine-clad hills interpose, and in rear of the house sheltering woods extend both ways, with a luxuriant under-growth of laurels, until they are merged in outlying covers, sacred to fox and pheasant alike. The new quadrangle, containing more than thirty boxes, with office, mess-room, and foaling boxes complete, occupies the table-land above, and is shortly to be matched by another square of equal extent, while, separated by a road, a large building is in course of erection, intended to serve the purpose of a general repository of stores, and to contain a steam-engine and machinery necessary for the pulping, bruising, grinding, and other processes now in vogue for minimising hand labour, as well as for promoting economy in food, whether as supplied to the nobler animal or the ordinary occupants of a Berkshire homestead. The boxes are roomy, dry, and well ventilated, and all built of concrete, with the latest improvements as regards lighting and drainage. Nothing can be more simple or durable than their method of construction, and with a plentiful supply of white wash they can always be kept clean and sweet, and there is not, as we have found in too many places, a large superficial area of wood-work standing in need of constant repair and renewal. King of the Forest's reception-room is distant about 300 yards from the new buildings, and there is abundance of space close to his quarters for another stallion, should Mr. Waring think of extending his stud in this direction. When finished, the place will be a perfect one of its kind, and the paddocks lie conveniently close, so that mares have not to be led long distances to and from their pasture. A great deal of the farm of thirteen hundred acres, now arable is to be laid down in grass, and a system will be adopted by which the changes can be made each year from one feeding ground to another, thus obviating the objectionable practice of tainting the land by constant pasturing with one kind of animal. The enclosures will be large and undulating, two very important points in teaching the young idea how to move, and in communicating action to all. King of the Forest is looking very fresh and blooming, and his attendant thoroughly understands how to show him at his best, and has the quiet firm manner to which the most fiery and spirited natures must yield at last. But there never was a more amiable gentleman than the King, and to see him come gaily tripping out of his box on a sunny morning, with his taper head stretched inquiring forward to see what the world is doing, his jet black points contrasting well with the brightest of bay coats, and a self-satisfied neigh ringing cheerily out by way of courteous greeting—is a sight worth remembering to all true lovers of blood, fashion, and style in the thoroughbred horse.

The yearlings are ten in number, the sexes being equally divided, and in addition to King of the Forest, Macaroni, Favonius, Camerino, and Adventurer are represented, it being a maxim of Mr. Waring's invariably to avail himself of the best tried and most fashionable foreign strains to supplement home resources; and this determination is all the more prudent, because The King is as yet almost an untried horse, though he may be said to have made a fair beginning last season with three winners out of four runners, and there can be no doubt that Acteon was once tried quite up to Derby form, though he may not have continued in his well doing. Whether the king turns out a failure or a success, it is at least something in his favour that in each of his first two batches of yearlings he has found one to run into four figures, and it should also be recollect that the horse started in life very humbly, without the high subscription and grand flourish of trumpets which have heralded in more than one magnificent impostor. Mr. Merry was a great believer in the horse, and assured his new owner at Doncaster that he was one of the right sort, and sure to get good stock. If their racing powers are only equal to their looks, all will certainly be well; and already breeders of judgment have shown an indication to give him a chance with some of their most likely mares, while his subscription list has filled like wildfire during the three seasons he has solicited public patronage. We hear rumours from the north of a couple of yearlings of goodly promise at Sheffield Lane; and as a proof that they are highly thought of, the experiment is to be repeated this year, two of Mr. Johnstone's mares being on the King's arrival list; while Mr. Cookson, also sends two mares, and a lot of intending subscribers had to be turned away. Next year we hope to see another father of the stud taking his place at Beenham as assessor to the King, whose dominions will by that time have been sufficiently extended to be "divided and governed" by two "heads of houses." The centre of the quadrangle is occupied by a spacious straw-yard, well railed in, and laid with a bed sufficiently deep and heavy to make the youngsters pick up their feet, thus improving their action, and obviating the objectionable "kick up a sixpence" gait, which stalls off intending buyers. The first to be enlarged into this soft playground is a well-favoured racing-like bay filly, with a Macaroni head and neck, and one of the wire and whiptcord sort, with bounding elastic action, but lacking the size and substance of most of her playmates. However, she comes of a smallish family, her dam being Bangle, by Surplice out of Bracelet, the grandmother of Macgregor, to whom, consequently, she is very nearly related, the Surplice strain taking the place of that occupied

by the Fallow Buck in "Mac's" pedigree. This spring the mare visits Doncaster, and there a cross will be secured similar to that from which Prince Charlie came, by a son of Stockwell (from a mare with Melbourne blood) out of a daughter of Surplice. Bangle is now heavy in foal to Favonius.

The "next article" is a compact brown filly by King of the Forest out of Our Mary Ann, that sour-headed Chester Cup heroine, whose Voltigeur coarseness not even a regal alliance has succeeded in taming down; albeit there is a deal of power and strength about quarters and back, and a thoroughly hard game look about the youngster, which augurs well for her success early in life, while a good many of the big overgrown ones are standing by unable to help themselves. This filly would be all the better for a little lengthening out and letting down, and her dam is another of those whose spring destination is Doncaster's paddocks.

Sister to Coronella, by Camerino out of Tisiphone, is an enlarged likeness of the two year old flyer of 1875, a good rich bay, with a deal of fashion and quality about her, until you come to her head, which is inclined to be of the Stockwell type, so conspicuous in her sister, whom she marvellously resembles in other points, and especially in the important one of galloping, as there is no quicker one among the half score, and she seems to take a delight in leading her companions a dance. Her dam, the own sister to Laura, has been a difficult mare to manage, as Stud Book chronicles testify, but she is safe in foal to the "King," and will of course be put to him again, the double cross of Touchstone having succeeded so well in Petracchi's case.

Perhaps the most blood-like and elegant filly of the five is half-sister to Rosy Cross, a chestnut filly by King of the Forest out of Inquisition, with a blaze face and white stockings behind. She is full of quality from her sweet little taper head to her symmetrical quarters, while her shoulders are long and sloping, and her middle piece in keeping with the general "balance of power," and she particularly excels in large clean hocks, amply let down, and standing well under her. As she comes of a racing family, she is almost sure to turn out as good as she looks, and her action is long, low, and easy. She is on a far larger scale than Rosy Cross, and we can wish her no better luck than to turn out better than that very useful member of the Heath House stable. Inquisition goes with Queen of the Gipsies to Rosicrucian.

Next to her stands a bay filly by King of the Forest from Crucifixion (corner stone of the Buckland and Beenham studs), own sister to King's Cross, but built on altogether a lighter scale, and in this respect an improvement on the wonderfully developed colt of last year, who grew coarse and common to our eye before the sale in July. This sister is, however, uncommonly well put together, and will probably grow into the biggest of the five, and we like her none the worse for showing more lightness and airiness than her brother, who was immensely admired in his yearling days. One highly favourable point in all the King's stock is the fine width and squareness of their quarters, whether you follow them, or stand broadside on to their massive outline. Crucifixion is once more to be the King's portion, and is due to foal to him in the present month.

The first of the colts is a chestnut by King of the Forest out of Acropolis (by Citadel out of Cellina, by Newminster), and, like his sister of last year, now in John Day's stable, seems bound to come early to hand, being a particularly smart, quick colt, a trifle inclined to be ewe-necked, but shows great power over back and loins, and he is already more set and furnished than any of his mates. He will make up into a particularly showy gentleman by this time next year, but we do not consider that there is that scope for improvement in him which is apparent in more than one of his fellows. Acropolis, a very smart filly in her day, will be well suited by Boiard, to whose paddocks she accompanies Lady Chesterfield, the former in foal, the latter with foal to King of the Forest.

Another chestnut is by the same sire out of Alarum (dam of Vulcan), who is, unfortunately, barren to Carnival, and is now at Sheffield Lane with Adventurer. This was one of the finest youngsters ever seen, but both foal and dam were sadly amiss last year, and it has to catch up the rest as regards condition. A better formed yearling it would be difficult to find, and it excels both in bone and substance, but we should prefer withholding any definite opinion on its merits until spring grass and more genial weather have done their work in laying flesh on its magnificent frame. At present the colt looks narrow, flat-sided and out of sorts, but it has picked up its crumbs better of late, and the next five months should do wonders for it, though it will never be fit for work so early as the more precocious of the lot.

A bay colt by Macaroni out of Woodbine is really a grand animal, very like the Mentmore horse, with plenty of size, and no lack of quality. He has capital black points, and better shaped forelegs than the general run of his sire's get, being shorter from knee to fetlock, and longer and more oblique in the pasterns. Everyone has fallen in love with the colt, and if he continues to improve, he will be but little, if anything at all behind Maximilian in looks, and we can pay him no greater compliment. Woodbine is a shy breeder, having been barren in several alternate years; but she generally makes up for lost time by throwing a good foal, and if all we hear of Jacobin is true, this fine mare was well suited by Rosicrucian. Owing, however, to her uncertain propensities, it has been deemed advisable to keep her at home this year, and King of the Forest is well suited with Stockwell mares. Quite the gem of the collection, however, is a splendid bay colt by Adventurer, out of Atonement, the dam of Eve, Water Lily, Sabrina, and others, one of the long and low type, with short bony legs and fine muscular development. Most of the young Adventurers are inclined to be angular and leggy, and at one time this youngster was slightly that way disposed, but lately he has taken a turn for the better, and there will be few better looking ones brought up for sale in 1877. In fact, he needs no further description, as he will surely advertise himself, and he comes, too, from a running family. Atonement, comparatively a young mare, has a filly by Doncaster at foot, and is at Eaton Hall on a second visit to the gallant chestnut of 1873.

Last comes a magnificent brown bay colt, own brother to the Duke of Westminster's Heart of Oak, by King of the Forest out of Penelope Plotwell. Though all that can be desired in point of size and bone, he is not so lengthy as the young Adventurer next door, but no one can pass him by without being struck with his commanding appearance, and he is sure to have a legion of admirers at Newmarket in the July week. Better judges consider this colt the pick of the basket, but we shall stand by our old love, the Atonement yearling, and we still hold to the opinion expressed last year, that her young King of the Forest, now in John Day's stable, was in all points to be preferred to the more expensive Russley purchase. Of the score of mares at present comprising the Beenham stud, Fright (own sister to Vulcan) is in foal to the King, and will be on his list again. Battaglia is "in the same street," and Carnage (in foal to Carnival) also remains at home. La Rosévaie (by Beadsman out of Crucifixion) is at Moorlands with Knight of the Garter. Attempt (by Vedette) has been put down to that very nice horse Orest, and Symmetrical (in foal to Distin), and a very charming addition to Mr. Waring's stud shortly proceeds to join Athelney (a maiden Victorious mare) at Neasham Hall, whether they have been attracted by the presence of Leolinus,

Suzette, a young Marksman mare, goes to Favonius, and the remainder are destined for King of the Forest, whose number of mares has this year been raised to thirty. We had almost forgotten to mention Belle of Scotland, a remarkably neat sister to Ethus, by Blair Athol out of Theresa, also due to Favonius, and one of the most likely looking young matrons about the place, who is likely enough to suit the King "down to the ground." Fortunately, neither during the very critical process of removal, nor through four weary months of rain and storm, has any illness prevailed in the stud, which may be in no small degree attributed to the happy choice of a situation for the new buildings, which stand high and dry upon the ridge of land stretching away from Reading to Hungersford. There is plenty of shelter from all but the most genial breezes, and we trust in time to see carried out the practice, originating we believe, with Mr. Cookson, of enlarging the stallions in spacious paddocks during favourable weather. To those who have plenty of space at command, we feel sure the idea will commend itself, but artificial fencing of the nature required is of course expensive, and there must be some delay at Beenham until the hedges form sufficiently formidable barriers to confine their occasionally erratic and always vivacious tenants.

### PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

#### SANDOWN PARK FIRST SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The WOLSEY HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; about 2 miles.

Mr. A. Crofton's b g Abdallah, by Thomastown—Arab Maid, aged, 1st 13lb.....Mr. T. Beasley 1  
Mr. Vane's b h Marlow, aged, 1st 8lb.....Mr. Crawshaw 2  
Mr. Hugh Owen's ch g Banker, aged, 1st 4lb.....R. Marsh 3

Also ran: Chiblair, aged, 1st 9lb; St. David, aged, 1st 4lb; Sandy, aged, 1st 2lb.

Betting: 11 to 10 agst Chiblair, 5 to 1 each agst Marlow and Banker, 6 to 1 agst St. David, 10 to 15 agst Abdallah, and 10 to 1 agst Sandy. Won easily by twenty lengths.

MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Ellerton's b h Farnsfield, by Saccharometer—Georgiana, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb.....R. L'Anson 1  
Mr. J. Percival's ch c Polisson, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb.....Gregory 2  
Mr. F. Wilson's b f Ermengarde, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb.....J. Manter 3

Also ran: Selim, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb; Somerset, aged, 1st 10lb; Dolus, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb; Lovely Thais, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb; Florde, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Polisson, 3 to 1 agst Farnsfield, 6 to 1 each agst Somerset and Dolus, 8 to 1 agst Ermengarde, and 10 to 1 agst Selim. Won in a canter by six lengths.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 100 added. About one mile and a half.

Mr. Fitzroy's b g Birbeck, by Trumpeter—Hepatica, 6 yrs, 1st 11lb (L50) Jones 1  
Captain Machell's b c Spartacus (late Squash), 4 yrs, 1st 9lb (L50) Jevitt 2

Lord Marcus Beresford's br c Inchcape, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50) .....Owner 3

Also ran: Pick-Me-Up, 6 yrs, 6st 11lb (L50); Plebeian, 4 yrs, 1st 9lb (L50); Susannah (late Microscope), 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50); Rougemont, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50); Domiduca, 4 yrs, 1st 9lb (L50); Counterguard, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50); Fate, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50); Elf, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb (L50).

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Birbeck, 6 to 1 agst Domiduca, 7 to 1 agst Susannah, 9 to 1 agst Plebeian, 10 to 1 each agst Rougemont and Inchcape, and 12 to 1 agst Pick-Me-Up. Won by two lengths; a head only divided second and third. The winner was bought in for 250 guineas.

The HOME COUNTIES GRAND HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; second received 25; about 2 miles, over eight hurdles.

Lord Lonsdale's b c Curator, by Lecturer—Curative, 4 yrs, 1st 11lb Jevitt 1

Mr. J. Johnson's b m Rufina, aged, 1st 13lb (L50) .....S. Daniels 2

Mr. K. M'Gowan's br g Mont Valerien, aged, 1st 11b. R. Marsh 3

Also ran: Florimel, 6 yrs, 1st 11b; g by Wamba—Truth, aged, 1st 11b.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Florimel, 5 to 2 agst the Truth gelding, 3 to 1 agst Curator, 7 to 1 agst Rufina, and 10 to 1 agst Mont Valerien. Won by five lengths; two between second and third. Florimel was last.

SELLING STEEPELCHASE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 100 added; about 2 miles.

Captain Butler's b m Mabel, by Selim—Vanessa, 6 yrs, 1st 11lb (L50) R. Marsh 1

Mr. H. Hobson's br h Peter Simple, aged, 1st 12lb (L50) .....R. L'Anson 2

Mr. J. Winfield's bl g Moonlight, aged, 1st 12lb (L50) .....T. Anthony 3

Also ran: Dunois, aged, 1st 12lb (L50); Blacksmith, aged, 1st 12lb (L50); Au Bac, aged, 1st 12lb (L50).

Betting: Even on Peter Simple, 7 to 1 agst Mabel, and 10 to 1 agst Moonlight. Won by ten lengths. The winner was sold to Mr. C. Rowlands for 380 guineas.

The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPELCHASE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; about 3 miles.

Mr. C. S. Halford's b g Great Eastern, by Lifeboat—Lady Rachel's dam, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.) .....Lord M. Beresford 1

Mr. A. Yates's br m Joyeuse, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb .....Mr. E. P. Wilson 2

Captain Follett's b g Alwalton, aged, 1st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.) Mr. A. Coventry 3

Also ran: Six Hills (b b), 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Bushranger, aged, 1st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.); Leonore, aged, 1st 7lb; Caradoc, aged, 1st 6lb.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Caradoc, 3 to 1 agst Great Eastern, and 7 to 1 agst Bushranger. Won easily by four lengths; same between second and third.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; about one mile and a half.

Mr. Fitzroy's b g Birbeck, by Trumpeter—Hepatica, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (L50) Jones 1

Lord M. Beresford's Inchcape, aged, 1st (car. 1st 11b) (L50) .....Lord M. Beresford 2

Mr. T. Stevens's Plebeian, 4 yrs, 1st (L50) .....H. Davis 3

Also ran: Pick-Me-Up, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (L50); Rougemont, 5 yrs, 1st 11b (L50).

Betting: 5 to 2 on Birbeck, 6 to 1 agst Plebeian, and 7 to 1 agst Inchcape. Won easily by six lengths; a bad third. The winner was bought in for 200gs.

The CARDINAL'S HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. About one mile and a half.

Mr. G. Masterman's ch m Maid Marian, by Lord Clifden—Plunder, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb .....Sherrington 1

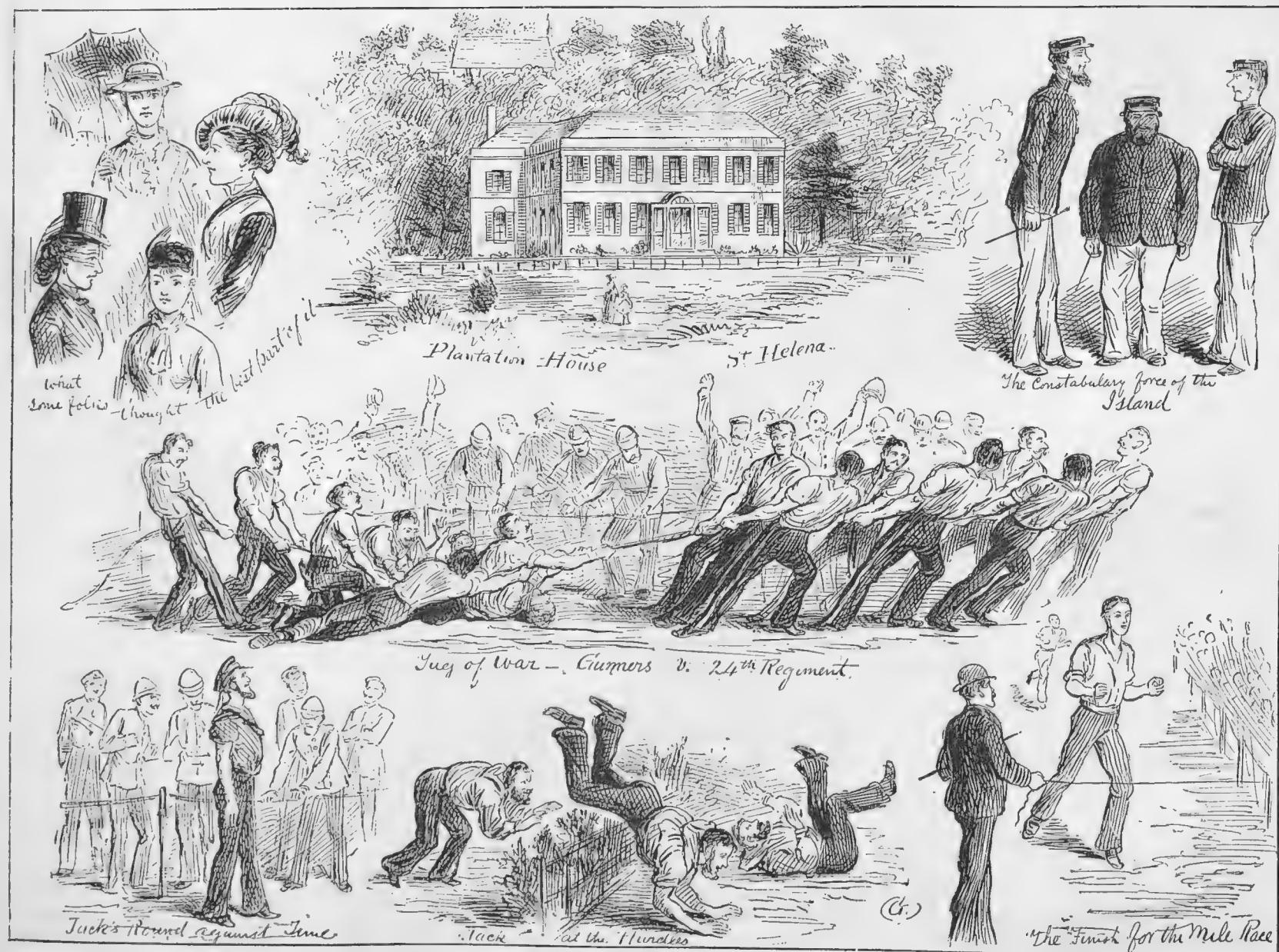
Mr. Fitzroy's b h Friar Tuck, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb .....Jones 2

Mr. T. V. Morgan's Gilestone, 4 yrs, 1st 13lb .....R. L'Anson 3

Also ran: Bridget, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb; Don Ricardo, aged, 1st 9lb; Rattle



THE GRATTAN CHILDREN AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



ROUGH SKETCHES OF ATHLETIC SPORTS AT ST. HELENA.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

IT is only once in a blue moon that I think of devoting an article to the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The reason is, I suppose, that in the pretty well-conducted theatre in Tottenham Street I can find as a rule so little room for captious criticism.

Ahering to their initial policy of keeping together a company of players of the highest artistic excellence, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have provided a succession of comedies equal, with few ex-

free from the traces of its Parisian parentage. *Nos Intimes* is a drama of stronger interest and more pointed force, but in any vaguer guise than its naked original sinfulness, it becomes an emasculate and aggravating piece of dissimulation. Thus it happens that where the strength of the French play consists lies the utter weakness of the English version. And the success of *Peril* is only attributable to the excellent acting of the principal character parts in such scenes as are beside the dramatic motive of the comedy.

I will, therefore, content myself with a rapid glance at the performance of each individual player. For the first time I altogether miss the familiar and delightful presence of Mrs. Bancroft from the Prince of Wales's programme. It is an evidence, however, of this accomplished lady's good sense, that strong as the reasons were for believing that her absence would be likely to prove detrimental to the popularity of the theatre, she did not, as so many managing actresses do, allow personal vanity to interfere with her selection either of piece or company. When Marie Wilton does reappear upon her own stage she will be doubly welcome.

In *Peril* there are three principal performances that call for especial notice—the Sir George Ormond of Mr. Bancroft, the Sir Woodbine Grafton of Mr. Arthur Cecil, and the Dr. Thornton of Mr. Kendal—each being in its way a carefully finished study of pronounced excellence. Of these three representations the most completely satisfactory is Mr. Cecil's character-portrait of the snarling and crochety old Indian officer, because it has no features indicative of its French origin. It is one of those studies from nature which are so characteristic of Mr. Cecil's art. The only objection I can think of advancing to it is a closeness of resemblance to another of this actor's performances—namely, Sir Paul Pagoda, in Dance's farce the *Bengal Tiger*. Indeed, the two characters are extremely alike. But the absence of the farcical element in the part of Sir Woodbine Grafton raises it to a higher level; and all through Mr. Cecil has carried out a clear conception in a manner wondrously minute as to detail, and without exaggeration. The little peculiarities of expression, and movement, and articulation, which make the man appear a veritable personage, whom any of us might expect

In regard to the part of Lady Ormond I will not say much. Miss Madge Robertson is capable of infusing warmth, feeling and passion into very cold and unsympathetic dramatic outlines. But her genius and her art are inevitably wasted upon such an unnatural and incomprehensible travesty of a French heroine as Lady Ormond. In the scenes where she is not called upon to illustrate motiveless imbecilities opposite the commonplace stage love-making of Captain Bradford, Miss Robertson displays her wonted winning charm of manner and easy perfection of style. But the part of Lady Ormond, in *Peril*, is a characterless puppet altogether unworthy of her powers.

Miss Lucy Buckstone is a very pretty and very promising young actress. She goes through the unimportant part of Lucy Ormond with charming simplicity. As Mrs. Crossley Beck and Mr. Crossley Beck the acting of Mrs. Leigh Murray and Mr. Kemble can-



"CUCKOO, OR  
MASHER-BIRD -  
Dangerous"

ceptions, in interest if not in novelty to those which founded the fortunes of the house. These comedies have all been consistently English productions. The latest Prince of Wales's piece is an adaptation from the French. In this departure from their original plan the management were no doubt influenced by the success which attended the performance of *A Scrap of Paper* at the Court Theatre. Having annexed to their company some of the principal of the Court players, it seemed above all things wisest to take in hand another of Victorien Sardou's domestic



"A fine old English gentleman  
(From the French)"

to meet any day in real life, are indicated in the subtlest manner. Mr. Cecil is, in my opinion, the best character-actor on our stage. There is nothing haphazard in his method of going to work. He does not, like many good comedians, wait until he is on the stage for his inspiration to arrive to him. His performances are evidently carefully weighed and worked out in every particular before representation. Sir Woodbine Grafton has not much connection with the main interest of *Peril*, but he stands out as a most artistic character-study, that all who have seen will remember long.

Mr. Bancroft's rendering of the character of Sir George Ormond, the easy-going, kind hearted, unsuspecting baronet, who sacrifices himself on all occasions to the comfort of his friends, is one of the best pictures of the typical English gentleman that even he has executed. It is a pity that in the course of the play the moral dignity of the character should be so woefully upset by the weak way in which Sir George is made to surrender his strong suspicions regarding his wife. When a man, such as he is represented to be, is roused into a state of jealousy regarding his honour, in which he compares himself to Othello, yet afterwards submits to be so easily hood-winked, the character becomes merely contemptible, and the conclusion lame and impotent. Mr. Bancroft's good taste in the matter of costume is here as always conspicuous. Yet he wears things that upon most other actors would look outré and extravagant.

As Dr. Thornton, Mr. Kendal is excellent. He gives a genial colouring to his portrait of the philosophizing, worldly-wise, yet honest-hearted young physician, which improves upon the original character amazingly. I do not think I have liked Mr. Kendal so well in any part as I liked him in this.



comedies and dress it up in English garb and language. That *Peril* has held the Prince of Wales's stage for already more than one hundred nights, is perhaps a practical justification of the choice. Nevertheless, *Peril* must be regarded by intelligent spectators as a very unsatisfactory production. It is *Nos Intimes* robbed of its dramatic motive, but not converted into an English play. The *Pattes de Mouche* was a much more promising subject for transplantation, and *A Scrap of Paper* is accordingly all but



"The Cuckoo's Victim"

not be found fault with. Mrs. Murray depicts accurately the moral angularities of the envious elderly lady, who accepts the bounties of her too generous host in the spirit of carping ingratitude so characteristic of dependents; while Mr. Kemble, as her husband, in an irritatingly appropriate make up, proves once more what an excellent and appreciative character-actor he is. Miss Hertz as Sophie, a French maid, and Mr. Teesdale as Kemp, a gardener, have little to do, and do that little well. Mr. W. Younge, whose very youthful appearance stands him in good stead, plays the precocious schoolboy, Percy Grafton, like nature,



"An important part"

I have purposely left one of the Prince of Wales's company to the last—Mr. Sugden. I have been nervous about approaching him, lest I should fail of due reverence towards so exalted a being. In fact, it was only quite lately I discovered him to be the great man he is. I read it in a newspaper. And as my poor language is not capable of expressing the bright effulgence of his glory, I will quote. I read of Mr. Sugden, amongst other dazzling information, that he possesses "the unattainable requirements for a jeune premier, the perfect manners of a well-bred man of the world, a face full of expression, capable of portraying passion without the least effort. . . . A world of passionate entreaty in his face." I beg you will believe, dear reader, that I am quoting from no London Journal romance. Can I continue the strain I wonder? What further "unattainable re-

quiéments of a jeune premier" does Mr. Sugden possess?—a voluptuous angularity of contour to be observed only in the god-like statues of Greece and Rome—a divine dignity of demeanour, a kind of a sort of *je ne sais quoi* to be acquired alone by daily and familiar intercourse with all the Crowned Heads of Europe, added to which dramatic genius unequalled in Ancient or Modern times—all the garrulity of a Garrick, all the siddonosity or a Siddons, all the macreadiality of a Macready, and all the mindacity of a Munden! Lord save us! so overwhelmed am I by the enormity of Mr. Sugden's greatness that I have scarce breath enough left in me to remind him of the fable of Icarus.

#### MASTER HARRY WILLOUGHBY PLUNKETT AND MISS EMILIE WILLOUGHBY PLUNKETT.

The justly celebrated "Grattan Children," whose portraits, from photographs by Elliott and Fry, are given in this issue, may claim affinity, as the son and daughter of Mr. Henry Plunkett, with two noble families, the Louth branch of the Plunketts, in Ireland, and the Willoughbys, of Bishopstone.

When Mayhew started *The London Punch* Mr. Plunkett was selected by that gentleman as one of the original contributors, and the first *Punch Almanack*, which ran the circulation of that publication up from six to one hundred and fifty thousand, was written entirely by Mayhew and Plunkett.

The success of Mr. Plunkett's first drama, *The Monarca*, induced him to give up his studies for the bar, and adopt literature and the stage as his joint professions. He retained his family name as a member of the Dramatic Author's Society, but assumed that of Grattan (as the children have) as an actor.

The little ones, who have evidently inherited their father's love for the stage, made their first bow to the public as Hendrick Vedder, and Meenie Van Winkle, with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in Dion Boucicault's version of *Rip Van Winkle*, at the Princess's Theatre, playing their respective characters over one hundred and sixty nights, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. Their next appearance was at the Adelphi Theatre, in a domestic sketch, written expressly for them, entitled *Orson*, which, after a successful career of over forty nights, was unavoidably stopped, as they were selected by that excellent manager and astute judge of talent, F. B. Chatterton, Esq., to play the parts of the Prince and Duke of York with Mr. Barry Sullivan, in the grand revival of *Richard III*, at Drury Lane Theatre. Upon the termination of that engagement they returned to the Adelphi, to play the principal speaking parts in Mr. Blanchard's charming child's pantomime of *Goody Two Shoes, and Little Boy Blue*, characters in which they have become household words, and in which they are still delighting fashionable and crowded audiences.

This little lady and gentleman, among other flattering proofs of appreciation of their extraordinary talent, have been honoured with an invitation to spend some time at the country seat, and kindly entertained as guests at the town residence of Lady Portsmouth.

We have watched the successful career of these clever and charming children with considerable interest, and should have great pleasure in supplementing our own opinion with some few of the many criticisms from the leading London journals if space permitted.

THE foolish and unhealthy habit of painting the lips is becoming far too common on the Metropolitan stage.

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#### WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.

ONE of the most successful Waterloo meetings ever held on Altcar plains was concluded on the 23rd ult., and is now recorded in sporting history as an event of the past. That the best greyhound won there cannot be two opinions; Braw Lass was beaten, Mr. Briggs's clever daughter of Blackburn and Happy Lass made a gallant fight for it. Mr. D. J. Patterson's Poacher won the Waterloo Plate very meritoriously; and the Waterloo Purse fell to that worthy and persevering Scotch coursier, Mr. R. B. Carruthers, his beautiful little daughter of Contango and Hannah winning all her courses in a style that was fully appreciated by all good judges of coursing.

Favoured with summer-like weather the attendance for the last day was remarkably good, and the committee this year must have added largely to their funds by the sale of cards.

Sport commenced with the second round of the Waterloo Plate, and, Master Sam not putting in an appearance, Handy M'Grath ran a bye. Coupland Lass and Hematite were slipped to a racing hare, the Lass leading up four lengths, and scored eight off the reel before putting puss to the fawn, but he only used his hare once, when the clever daughter of Cashier and Canzonette again drew to the front, and won the remainder of the trial, finishing with the death. Scrag led Meolsman, and beat him well. In the next round Handy M'Grath was faster than Coupland Lass, but, running wide at his turns, was defeated by old Lass's cleverness. Poacher was some lengths faster than Scrag, and, being equally clever, won a good trial. In the final spin, Poacher led Coupland Lass, and scarcely allowed Mr. Reed's dog to render him any assistance in a good trial.

In the third round of the purse, Barabbas was in good form, and beat Sour Grapes very cleverly. Bunker was quicker on his legs than Change, scoring first event, and, keeping his place, adding two more to his score before Change got an opening, when the latter was very busy, just rubbing off the score with a little to spare. Hornpipe led Sir Magnus and won a good trial nearly all one way. I did not see the course between Huron and Thankful, but a friend informed me that Mr. Allison's representative won well.

Next came the great event of the day, the Waterloo Cup. In a nice slip, Coomassie on the outside led Serapis for first turn, and, keeping close on the line of her hair, wrenched strongly and killed—a very meritorious performance. In a long straight run up, Braw Lass led Kilkenny three lengths for first turn, and keeping close to the scent left off an easy winner when puss was chopped in the drain. In the final course, Coomassie led Braw Lass three lengths for first turn, and coming beautifully round with her game scored next before letting in the black, who was rapidly rubbing off the score when puss broke away. Mr. Wilkins's representative then raced to the front, and won the great event very meritoriously.

It was a remarkable coincidence that Coomassie should be the first greyhound drawn on the night of the draw, and that she should have finished first for the Cup. She is a perfect picture, and one of the smallest greyhounds that ever won the Derby of the Leash, her running weight being only 42lbs.; Braw Lass is also a sample of good goods being packed in small parcels, as she weighs only 46lbs., and had she not been hard run the result of the Cup might have been reversed. Mr. Hedley's decisions were in general satisfactory, and Hoysted slipped with great care.

#### WATERLOO MEETING.

Coomassie beat Serapis  
Mr. R. F. Wilkins na. (Mr. R. Gittus's) COOMASSIE, by Celebrated—Queen, beat Mr. J. Brigg's BRAW LASS, by Blackburn—Happy Lass, and won the Cup.

#### WATERLOO PURSE.

Barabbas beat Sour Grapes  
Change beat Bunker  
Change beat Barabbas  
Mr. R. B. Carruthers's Change, by Contango—Hannah, beat Mr. R. M. Douglas na. (Mr. Watson's) Hornpipe, by Light Cavalry—Humming Bee, and won the purse.

#### WATERLOO PLATE.

Handy M'Grath ran a bye  
(Master Sam absent)  
Coupland Lass beat Hematite  
Coupland Lass beat Handy M'Grath  
Mr. D. J. Paterson's Poacher, by Peasant Boy—Nancy, beat Mr. T. L. Reed na. (Mr. G. Carruthers's) Coupland Lass, by Cashier—Canzonette, and won the plate.

#### STUD NEWS.

Baumber Park, Horncastle.—Feb. 16, Mr. Bett's Maria, a bay filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Suffolk. Arrived to Suffolk: Lord Scarborough's Bugle Note, in foal to Strathconan; Mr. Proctor's mare, by High Treason out of Boadicea. Arrived to Merry Sunshine:—Mr. Clarke's Dinah, barren; Mr. Hinds' Hon. Miss Ellis, barren.

The Stud Company (Limited), February 28, 1877.—February 22, the Stud Company's Martinique, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; 25th, the Stud Company's Crackshot, a filly by Lord Lyon, and will be put to George Frederick; 25th, Mr. Richard Combe's Small Arms, a filly by Lord Lyon, and will be put to George Frederick; 28th, the Stud Company's Lady Fly, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: February 22, Mr. Richard Combe's Miss Merryweather and Columba, both in foal to Alvarez. Arrived to Carnival: February 22, Mr. Richard Combe's Cauldron, in foal to Blair Athol.

The Mentmore Stud.—February 23, May Bloom, a chestnut filly by King Tom, and will be put to him again; 24th, Lord Arlington's Flower of Dorset, a bay or brown colt by Young Melbourne, and will be put to King Tom; Prince Soltykoff's Meteor, a chestnut colt by Carnival, and will be put to Macaroni; 28th, Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry, a chestnut colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to Macaroni. Arrived to Macaroni: Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha. To Favonius: Mr. Allington's Cashmere. To Restitution: Mr. Howland's Freestone.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Feb. 10th, Mr. Weever's Prosperity, a chestnut colt by Distin; 19th, the Glasgow Stud's Sister to General Peel, a bay colt by St. Albans; 21st, the Bonehill Stud's Coup de Grace, a bay filly by Pero Gomez; all the above mares will be put to Pero Gomez, and also Charade, by Stockwell. The following mares have also arrived to him:—the Glasgow Stud: Flurry, in foal to Strathconan, and Patchwork, in foal to Crest; Mr. Acton's Hippolyta, in foal to Musket; the Duke of Bedford's Crytheia, in foal to Musket; and Ischia, barren.

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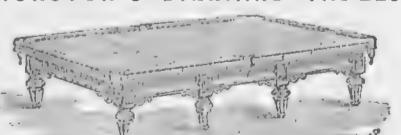
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27TH.

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To point out or dwell upon the merits of Mrs. George Wrottesley as a dramatic artist, would be as superfluous as to attempt to whitewash with milk, to send coals to Newcastle; 'owls to Athens, fish to the Hellespont, gold to California, clods to the ploughed field, a farthing to the millions of Croesus, or to teach an eagle to fly, a dolphin to swim, a lark to soar in the air, or a nightingale to warble its "woodnotes wild" in some sequestered glade. So strong is the "ruling passion" in this lady, that she has literally acted from her infancy, and is now the most deservedly popular amateur of the day. In addition to her histrionic powers, Mrs. Wrottesley sings a little in the comic line, has written many clever *vers de société*, and articles for the magazines; moreover, she has witnessed a great deal of campaigning life in Turkey (not in the Crimea, because her husband, Col. Wrottesley, of the Royal Engineers, was invalided home from Varna), and she has seen a good deal of the world, having, when unmarried, accompanied her father, the late Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne everywhere, and since her marriage been a constant attendant on her husband at home and abroad. Mrs. Wrottesley cannot boast of being a sportswoman, but she has been up in a balloon, and she afterwards wrote an account of her aerial trip for *Bentley's Magazine*.

The superabundant merit of Mrs. Wrottesley in all characters of comedy, operetta, and farce are so universally acknowledged that it would be superfluous to say that every part she undertakes she plays well. As Pauline, in *Delicate Ground*, she gives some fine touches of genuine feeling; as Lady Gay Spanker, in *London Assurance*, she is spirited and lively; as Gertrude, in *The Loan of a Lover*, and as Lisette, in *The Swiss Cottage*, her archness of feature, her peculiar naïveté, and her vocal talents in singing the simple music of these operettas, were conspicuous; as Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*, instead of caricaturing, or laying stress on the way in which this would-be erudite lady delivers the malapropisms, and what is usually termed clips the Queen's English, Mrs. Wrottesley utters them as if she was perfectly unconscious of any *lapsus linguae*. In *Woodcock's Little Game*, her Mrs. Carver is faultless, as is her Lady Bab Blazon, in the *Queensberry Fête*; her Betsy Baker, in the farce of that name; her Biddy Nutts, in *The Dream at Sea*; and her Amanthis, in *Little Toddlekins*; in such parts she convulses the audience with shouts of laughter that would burst the belt of an anchorite. So correct, however, is this great favourite of Thalia, that she never suffers her delineation of humorous character to degenerate into vulgarity, nor permits herself to sacrifice her judgment at the shrine of the upper gallery. Her richness of humour is ever free from that unnatural buffoonery with which we have too often seen such characters tainted, even in the hands of some of the most popular actresses. By the above rôles, it will be seen, that Mrs. Wrottesley possesses more versatility of talent than falls to the lot of most artists; her acting exhibits in every character she undertakes the conceptions of an educated and discriminating mind, combining intense pathos, unflagging spirits, great vivacity, refined humour, and that ease and animation which would be creditable to any performer on the regular boards.

Amateur theatricals are very different now from what they were in my early days, as the following incident will prove.—I could quote many, but will content myself with one:—"A brother of mine and a few young Westminster school friends were anxious during the Christmas holidays of 1810 to display our histrionic powers, and we prevailed upon my parents to allow us to get up an amateur dramatic performance in a large room at Dublin Castle. Our ambition was to appear in tragedy, so we selected Rowe's somewhat lachrymose *Jane Shore*, and a popular after-piece of the day. One morning Wellesley, then Secretary for Ireland, afterwards Duke of Wellington, entered the room during a rehearsal, while I, as Lord Hastings, was ranting away, pleading the cause of 'Shore's unhappy wife.' He remained a few minutes—a very few minutes, but, as he was about to leave the room, he remarked to my mother that he feared the laughter of the audience would be so excited by the tragedy, that they would not have a smile left for the farce. This remark, though not very encouraging, we felt might be true, so we compromised the affair by substituting scenes from *The Lady of the Lake* and two acts of *Douglas*. The eventful night arrived. In the scenes from Walter Scott, I am bound to say we were far from perfect in the words, indeed, Sheridan's remark was painfully applicable to us, for that celebrated orator and dramatist, being asked which actor he liked best at an amateur performance, replied, 'The prompter, for I saw less and heard more of him than any one else.' Of the scene from *Douglas*, in which I appeared as Young Norval, I will merely say that in the last act, where the blood of Douglas flows, through the treachery of the foe to his house, my death was hailed with cheers, whether from the fine conception I had of the part, or the delight of the audience in not seeing me again, must ever remain a mystery, except in the breasts of those who were spectators upon the occasion." Indeed for many years people went to an amateur performance with the idea that it would be bad enough to provoke a smile. Times are changed, and not a few amateurs could hold their own on the regular boards. To return to the subject of this brief memoir, Mrs. Wrottesley's répertoire is as follows:—Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*; Lady Gay Spanker, *London Assurance*; Biddy Nutts, *Dream at Sea*; Mrs. Carver, *Woodcock's Little Game*; Honour Bright, *Through Fire and Water*; Pauline, *Delicate Ground*; Gertrude, *Loan of a Lover*; Margery, *Rough Diamond*; Minnie, *Somebody Else*; Laura Wyndham, *A Handsome Husband*; Natz Tieck, *Swiss Cottage*; Lisette, *Swiss Cottage*; Betsy Baker, *Betsy Baker*; Medea, *Golden Fleece*; Mrs. Honeybun, *Contested Election*; Amanthis, *Little Toddlekins*; Mrs. Pontifex, *Naval Engagements*; Katryn, *Captain of the Watch*; Duchess de Torrenueva, *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*; Madame Rogueingrain, *Romantic Idea*; Lady Bab Blazon, *Queensberry Fête*; Lucretia Buzzard, *Whalebait at Greenwich*. Besides these, the following pieces were adapted from the French for Mrs. Wrottesley, and she was the original actress of the parts in English:—Empress Elizabeth, in *The Empress of Russia*, adapted from *Un Changement de Main*, by Capt. Leicester Vernon; Lady Glenmorris, *School for Coquettes*, adapted from *La Marquise de Senneterre*, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson; Lydia, *A Husband in Clover*, adapted from *Un Mari dans du Coton*, by Mr. Herman Merivale.

MISS BELLA PATEMAN will shortly make her re-appearance at the Olympic as Lady Amyott in *The Wife's Secret*, which will be produced on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr. Henry Neville, who will sustain the late Charles Kean's original part of Sir Walter Amyott; Miss Pateman will also appear as Helen Rolleston, the heroine in *The Scuttled Ship*, a drama founded by Mr. Charles Reade on his *Foul Play*. The play of *Clancarty* is also likely to be revived here.

WE hear that Mr. Thomas Holden, whose amusing little Marionettes have been delighting large audiences at the Royal Cambridge Hall, will shortly leave England for Lisbon. He is sure to be as successful there as he has been in England.

## HEATHERTHORP.

## A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

## CHAPTER VII.

DEALS WITH A TRIANGULAR DUEL, A PATERNAL EBULLITION, A SENTENCE OF DOMESTIC EXPATRIATION, AND A SHOWER OF TEARS; DESCRIBES HOW THE DOCTOR CUNNINGLY BLENDED THE EXERCISE OF ONE GENTLE CRAFT WITH THAT OF ANOTHER, AND AFFORDS A PROSPECT OF THE RETURN MATCH BETWEEN HIM AND MR. REGINALD WOODRIDGE.

KATE could not sleep for thinking of the eventful morrow, so she rose with the rooks (which are always in time for those earlier risers, the worms, it is said), and tapped at Sylvia's door, to the manifest discomfort of that nonchalant young lady, who herself perfectly unruffled at the imminent prospect of a tempest of the heart, attributed this premature visit to the strange habits of the natives of Cleveland. Kate wanted to resume the discussion of the theme uppermost in her mind: "it was such a nice hour for a talk!" But Miss Vandervelde held different views, and therefore flatly declared that nothing would induce her to gratify the whim of her friend, who turned away with a sigh of disappointment, and, heedless of a parting injunction "to return to her room that instant," astounded the maids who were already astir, and caused Watson the bailiff to doubt the evidence of one of his senses, as, with a melodious "good morning," she tripped along the garden-walk towards the river side.

Every luminous glance of his clear grey eyes, every rich tone of his tender voice, came back to her as she once more stood on the spot where yesterday they had tarried together. With the lark's limpid gurgle ringing in her ear, the air, redolent of dewy freshness, playing upon her cheek, and a sky empty of all save clouds streaked with the amber-and-violet promise of another bright day, she could not feel unhappy, albeit her reflected joy wore a tinge of care. It must end bravely, she thought, and that very day would decide everything!

The Squire seldom indulged in such luxuries as visions. Yet latterly he had dreamt his dream—of mating his daughter with the slip of an ancient county family; and, without being at all conscious thereof, he had taken to impalpable architecture as well.

On this very morning Kate had scarcely disappeared within doors when he, likewise at odds with sleep, appeared without, and presently set off at a brisk rate towards the Wimple, brooding the while with all the energy of a minor poet of immature experience. That day would, nay, should decide all. His Kate!—Reginald Woodridge, Esq., Sir Reginald Woodridge, Sir Reginald Woodridge, Bart., M.P.—his Kate Lady Woodridge! The thing was feasible. Cotton and beer, and indigo and pimento, and goodness knows what besides, had been veneered with titles—why not pig-iron? But, he meditated, when he had finished his castle from basement to battlement, and in fancy waved a flag of triumph over its tallest tower, Woodridge will never be captured until that presumptuous doctor ceases his coming.—They must be married instantly!

He became so elated with the idea of such an immediate realization of his darling project, that for the moment he forgot he was squire, and began to whistle a tune he had not remembered for years. Abruptly stopping in the middle of a bar, he said—

"Yes, we must get it all settled now. While Miss Vandervelde's here—she'll help Kate to arrange everything. And then, Sir Harry, I shall have the laugh of you, I'm thinking. By the way, I wonder if Woodridge will come by the first train?" and he glanced at his watch. "Bless me! only half-past six. How long the morning is, to be sure."

Not only with the head of the house of Wilson did the morning seem to lag. Kate had never known minutes so leaden-winged. At length, fairly tired out, she once again sought, and this time obtained, admission to Miss Vandervelde's room.

"Good morrow, Miss Impatience," said Sylvia, with a look of assumed anger as she opened the door. "And now you have effected an investment of the fortress—or I should say, broken in upon my natural rest, soured my naturally sweet temper, et cetera—what do you want?"

"I know I ought to feel ashamed of myself, Syl," replied Kate, administering propitiation in the shape of a hearty kiss; "but, my dear, I could not sleep."

"And, therefore,—really, Katherine Wilson, your logic is unimpeachable—you felt it incumbent upon you to disturb my slumbers!"

"Do spare me, Sylvia," said Kate, appealingly, "there's a darling. Consider."

"That is precisely what I am doing. Gravely considering—whether, having arisen at a distressingly early hour, and thereby rendered myself liable at any moment to a provoking fit of yawning, I ought to undertake a part in that little domestic drama we projected last night."

"Oh, Sylvia, if I thought you were in earnest!" exclaimed Kate, in tones of anguish.

"And is it not enough to make me in earnest, think you? Have I not to confound a paternally-favoured suitor, allay the wrath of a furious papa, and smooth the way for the return of a beloved lover? The heroine of a harrowing three-volume novel could not do more."

"I trust the task may not be as arduous as you imagine," said Kate.

"I dare say," replied Miss Vandervelde, high good humour shining merrily through her assumed petulance, and lending new piquancy to her statuesque German face—"I dare say you do. You exhibited your deep concern, my dear Kate, by first of all depriving me of last night's beauty-sleep, and then by taking special care I did not repair the loss this morning."

"But Syl—"

"But me no buts"—as Mr. Tennyson phrases it, but retire. I have sundry orders for my maid, who is singularly happy at guttural obtrusions when her mistress is cross, or wakes her too soon. As she is likewise given to colds in the head, I dare not conjecture what effect the damp air which is now blowing from your mountains will have upon her.—Retire!"

"Nay, Sylvia," laughingly replied Kate, "you must first tell me one thing. What are you going to do with that old fright of a dress? and that bundle of letters?"

"If my brother were here he would enlighten you. You have played in charades, child—cannot you guess? I am merely going to show Mr. Woodridge that I have lost none of the dramatic talent he once praised me for. Now go and arouse your Burroughs." And she fairly pushed Kate out of the room.

They met at the breakfast table, and Kate could scarcely forbear expressing her surprise at Sylvia's toilette. If she had ever doubted her friend's strength of mind, that doubt was set at rest by seeing her attired in the very "fright of a dress" which had previously awakened her wonderment. Mr. Wilson was in remarkably good spirits, and Miss Vandervelde entered thoroughly into the old gentleman's humour. What a consummate actress she was! Naturally, Woodridge's name the conversation. Yes; Miss Vandervelde had met a Mr. Woodridge, she thought, a season or two ago at Scarbro', but she could not be certain if it was the same. Did she not mention the circumstance to Mr. Wilson last night? Was he tall? passably good-looking?

Ah! if, as Mr. Wilson declared, he was exceedingly handsome, it could not be he. Possibly a brother—or a cousin, perhaps. Still Mr. Wilson would greatly oblige her by not mentioning her name to Mr. Woodridge: when she met the young gentleman she could then, without embarrassment, see for herself.

The repast over, Mr. Wilson, diplomatic to the last, made his excuses to the young ladies, and betook himself in search of Woodridge, whom he calculated on meeting at the road-gate to the grounds, where the Sursingle omnibus generally stopped. As her papa left the room, Kate bent eagerly forward and whispered—

"Sylvia."

"Yes, my dear," replied Miss Vandervelde, anticipating the communication and interpreting it in her own peculiar fashion. "Your papa, like many very clever schemers, is overdoing his part. He goes to prepare Mr. Woodridge for the interview."

"Oh Syl, I do wish it were over!"

Miss Vandervelde remained silent. It is not unlikely that she wished the same, now the interview was so close at hand. But she was brave.

"Kate," she said in equable tones, "about my eccentric dress. Tell me, when were these funny sleeves in fashion?"

"When?—two summers since."

"Yes. The summer Reginald Woodridge ceased to flirt with poor silly me. He admired this dress, he used to say. I wonder if his admiration for it has outlived his affection for the wearer. You now divine the story tied up in that bundle of letters?"

An hour later behold Kate Wilson seated in a pleasant apartment in the shadiest wing of The Place, making-believe to read. She half faces the door, and the subdued light which trickles through the venetian blinds of one of the lofty windows lights her brown hair, restless hazel eyes, and flushed face into as pretty a picture as artist could paint. She is alone, yet no—she whispers, "Sylvia, he is coming," and a slight rustling apparent behind the curtain of another lofty window, succeeded by the sound of a voice which whispers, "Keep a stout heart, love," suggests the surreptitious presence of that pretty conspirator.

"You will find Kate in the drawing-room," remarks Mr. Wilson, apparently from the hall. "You know the way?"

"Thank you, yes," replies Woodridge; and in another minute he has tapped at the door, has been bidden to enter, and—he stands before the lady of his quest.

Woodridge, accomplished as he was in the artificial dalliance of the drawing-room, felt for once constrained to admit that there are moments when the well-trained self-sufficiency of a man of the world is naught. At any rate, the feeling which stirred him now amounted to an impression of this kind. He liked Kate well enough; she would make an uncommonly charming wife, but the organ which in his case did duty for a heart declined to accelerate its conventional beating at the idea of the union. He would go in and win; she was a prize worth the winning—the old gentleman coveted him for a son-in-law—a fellow must be turned off some day, and so on. Love—well, yes; he dared venture to say she would find enough of the high-pressure, self-sacrificing sort at the circulating library; and confound it, wasn't he worth having? *En route* to Wimbledale Place such thoughts as these had afforded him unmixed comfort, but now he was in the presence of the lady herself they "little relevancy bore" to the momentous object of his mission. The Miss Wilson he had so often sang, and danced, and ridden with, could not possibly be the radiantly unembarrassed lady who received him so frostily now.

There was just the least dash of the prig in Woodridge's composition, and his manner betrayed it, for notwithstanding his surprise at her coolness, he wore the paternal credentials in his face, and comported himself like a very victor. This angered her. If love is blind to the imperfections of the beloved, how wonderfully hawk-eyed it becomes when the beloved is assailed! Kate was standing up for Arthur as well as herself, and she read the motive of Woodridge's demeanour at a glance. He had never appeared so despicable before. It is doubtful whether Miss Vandervelde even could have infused more quiet intensity into a look of scorn than that which slept beneath Kate's long lashes as she rose to acknowledge Woodridge's greeting. So, sir—she thought—you fancy I am to be lightly won. We shall see.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Woodridge," she said. "You must feel heated and tired with your walk through the grounds."

Still unabashed, but more puzzled than ever, he obeyed, observing, "You are quite right, Kate—that is, Miss Wilson—the weather is most oppressive." Confound it, was he such a noodle as to open fire in that fashion? The weather!

She waited for him to proceed with the attack, and he, suffering by this time from a prickly heat that could hardly be attributed to the weather, waited likewise. Beaten at the outposts he paused before renewing the charge.

"Kate—Miss Wilson—"

"If you prefer it, let it be Kate," she interposed.

"Thank you," he said, with fervency, drawing a long breath of relief; "that sounds like your own kindhearted self;" adding, after a moment's pause, "Kate, it is requisite for me to say why I am here? I come at your gracious bidding, armed with the sanction of your father. I come, delightfully conscious from enchanting experience—he was fairly in his stride at last—"of the close identity of our tastes; let me beseech you, then, to harken to my suit. Let me ask you to convert your esteem for me into a feeling more akin to the affection which I have so long silently cherished for you, Kate."

"Mr. Woodridge—"

"Say Reginald."

"Reginald Woodridge then, it matters little which"—and she rose, an example he wonderingly followed—"you have fallen into a sad mistake. This farce must end."

"Mistake!—farce!"

"Yes. I bade you come because I wanted you to hear from my own lips my opinion of this distressing business. You speak of esteem. Until yesterday that word would have but imperfectly expressed my regard for Reginald Woodridge; to-day he has taught me almost to despise him!"

"Miss Wilson—"

"Is not to be thrown in to turn the scale, Sir, even though her own father be a party to such a sordid bargain as that which Mr. Reginald Woodridge seeks to make."

"Believe me you wrong me deeply."

"Would that I did, for your own sake! But no; I cannot be so much at fault. I have long suspected—that I should say it—poor papa's schemes," and she sighed; "but I prayed he would not find a pliable instrument in Mr. Woodridge."

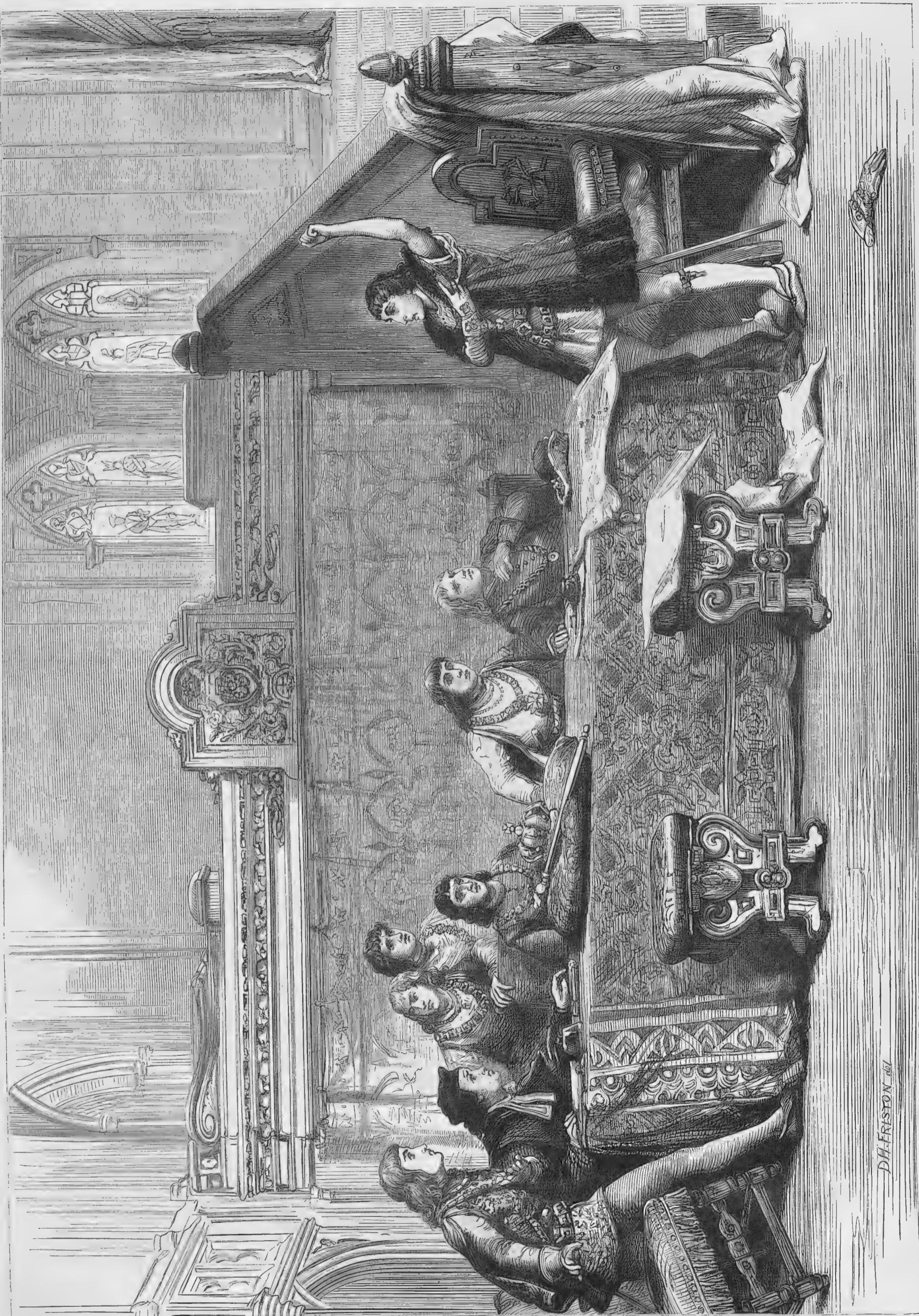
"Let me explain."

"You are a glib wooter, Sir, and rumour, which credited you with an exploit not unlike what this might have been, some two years since, cannot have been so false after all."

"And can you, Kate, give heed to that idle story?"

"Yes, Mr. Woodridge, she can and does," said Miss Vandervelde, emerging from behind the curtain, "because she has heard that same idle story from—me!"

To say that Woodridge was astonished at the appearance of the third actor in the duel is to say nothing. In the fierce conflict betwixt amazement, anger, and mortification which raged in his breast, possibly mortification predominated, but he still wore his mask, and, bowing politely to Miss Vandervelde, said—



SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD III." AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE—SCENE IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

D. H. FRITHSON III



ENCOUNTER WITH AN EAGLE.

"A lengthened absence from England has apparently intensified Miss Vandervelde's natural aptitude for finesse. She has played many parts, but surely none with such success as this. I am at a loss for its appellation, though; what shall we call it?"

"What you please," she replied, quietly.

"Considering it began with that kind of listening called eaves-dropping (a practice said to prevail extensively amongst domestic servants), which presupposes an offensive amount of curiosity on the part of the listener, it might be difficult to describe. The part is 'dressed,' too, and has its 'properties' I see"—and he glanced meaningly at a packet of letters in Sylvia's hand. "However, to come to the point, may I venture to inquire why Miss Vandervelde interests herself so deeply in my concerns?"

"Yes, you may," she said, in the quiet tone she had used before. "You may. And I will tell you.—Two years ago, you, then little better than a needy adventurer, and acting under the impression that I was an eligible *parti*,—well—you lied your way into my affections."

"Miss Vandervelde, such an assertion as this is intolerable!"

"It is true," she continued, not altering her tone in the least. "I was led at last to doubt your sincerity, and, to put it to the test, caused a false report of my comparative poverty to be circulated. I was an eligible *parti*, but you believed I was not, and—you threw me over. Some women are spiteful, Mr. Woodridge; I am. I vowed to be recompensed for the injury you had done me; and Kate, my darling, eavesdropper, conspirator, or what they will, I think I have been recompensed to-day."

Kate's look of gratitude replied eloquently to her appeal.

"It is useless prolonging this interview farther," said Woodridge, with concentrated rage; and then turning to Kate, he added, assuming a gentler manner, "Kate, is your answer to be no?"

"It is—No!"

He went, but worthy Mr. Wilson did not hear the result of his interview until the following day. He had no heart to face his might-have-been-father-in-law, and so the demolition of the worthy old gentleman's dream—Kate declining to enlighten him in the least, and Miss Vandervelde maintaining an equally aggravating silence—was deferred until Woodridge arrived at Shipley, whence he penned a formal intimation of his discomfiture. Timothy Wilson, Esq., was not so thunderstruck as Woodridge had expected he would be, but his anger knew little bounds. If he was angry when he perused Woodridge's epistle, his heat fairly whitened when he read a letter on the same absorbing theme from the pen of Dr. Sutton. That young gentleman expressed his regret that he had not seen Mr. Wilson at Heatherthorpe the day before, as he had hoped, but prior to revisiting The Place, he deemed it his duty, et cetera et cetera. In fact he asked Mr. Wilson to make him a present of Kate. Angry fathers are so common, and their remarks under certain not uncommon trials so trite, it is only requisite to state that the breakfast that morning consisted, on Mr. Wilson's part, chiefly of strong language; on the part of Miss Vandervelde of anxious looks; while Kate shed more tears than she had done since her mother died. The long and short of it was, that Dr. Sutton received sentence of eternal expatriation on the spot, a sentence the squire duly reduced to writing at the earliest opportunity—which was not very early, by the way, for except in business his was not the pen of a ready writer, and to tell a man with whom you have broken bread and eaten salt that you don't wish to see him under your mahogany more, requires both nerve and tact.

Kate was brokenhearted at the cross turn which events had taken, but Sylvia was equal to the emergency. The squire wound up his mandates by interdicting all correspondence of an epistolary character between the houses of Wilson and Sutton, and thereupon betook himself to Shipley. Consoling Kate with the assurance that she would not leave until all was made pleasant again, Sylvia ordered out the family carriage and immediately betook herself to Heatherthorpe—alone. She had some shopping to do, she said. How she suddenly became prostrated with an agonizing headache, and was compelled to seek refuge in Dr. Sutton's surgery; how that talented medical adviser effected an instantaneous cure; and how physician and patient chanced upon a subject which enthralled their attention thirty minutes by the surgery clock, need not be written with particularity in these unerring Chronicles. It concerns us rather to discover what came of Sylvia's headache.

The choleric Squire, ill-suited to play the part of an unrelenting parent, found The Place nearly unendurable. Kate's sorrowful face was an hourly reproach, and accordingly he daily oscillated in an uneasy manner between Heatherthorpe and Shipley, leaving that arch-traitress, Sylvia, a clear stage for her machinations. The Doctor religiously abstained from visiting The Place, and Sylvia, whose headaches became alarmingly frequent, was obliged to pay frequent visits to Heatherthorpe. Presently it was given out that Dr. Sutton had broken down through over-work, and was going away to recruit his energies with a month's salmon-fishing in Scotland. It might have been expected that this last blow would have utterly annihilated Kate; but not so. He went his way across the Tweed, and she, acting under the advice of a Shipley doctor, whom Mr. Wilson consulted, took long drives into the least frequented recesses of sylvan Cleveland, accompanied by Miss Vandervelde, who was glad of this opportunity of familiarizing herself with that beautiful tract of Yorkshire moorland. In the course of one of their excursions they halted at a tumble-down mill on the Wimble, about a dozen miles from Heatherthorpe, and to their overwhelming amazement beheld the Doctor! Three days previously he had been landing salmon of goodness knows what weight in Scotland, and here he was! Shall the meeting be described? Need the crafty delight of the arch-traitress, who alleged that the only way to satisfy her conscience was to enact the part of a stern Spanish duenna, be dwelt upon? No! Was ever line so innocent of scales and fins as that of the Doctor's? Were ever angling excursions so delightful? But even these days came to an end, and the Doctor, much benefited by his holiday, Heatherthorpe said, returned to his duty, and, considering his state of exile, was not cast down. Mr. Wilson kept "it up," to Kate's sorrow, but she, poor girl! was more resigned to his rigour, Sylvia, in whom she placed implicit trust, staking her reputation as a conspirator that he would before long be obliged to capitulate.

Heatherthorpe had scarcely time to discover that the Doctor had ceased to visit The Place, when it was announced at the parlour of the "Sursingle Arms" that "the Wilsons were off to Scarbro'." Kate never wrote to him all the two months they were away, nor he to her; but Miss Vandervelde, who went to Scarbro' with the Wilsons, kept up quite a voluminous correspondence with him, and Kate was not the least jealous! One evening, when the corn was at its goldenest, and the heather on the moors at its purplest, the Doctor, who had just heard of the Wilsons' return, was riding leisurely home, thinking of Kate. He was tired with a hard day's work, and when he found Matthew Crisp awaiting his arrival, in a beaming condition which suggested recent experiments in connection with malt, he was too jaded to feel angry.

"Matthew, what's the meaning of this?" he said with a slight smile, as he delivered up Kelpie into the hands of the faithful, if bibulous, servitor.

"Nowt, Mr. Arthur; only I met an owd crony this afternoon—come up, Kelp, my bo-oy—and we ha' been having it out."

"And pouring it down, of course."

"Mebby so, Mr. Arthur. I took old Sedgeford's med'cine as you told me, Mr. Arthur; and whether it's your med'cine or his wife's clack, or the stoppin' of his beer, the tailor, parish-clerk, and fisherman of Middleby sends word he's better. My conscience, but he's a strange customer! For a dry-land poacher Golightly has nee marrow: but Sedgeford i' the water—I say Sedgeford i' the water. He's a reg'lar otter, sir, a reg'lar otter."

"Not remarkably partial to the otter's beverage is he, Mat?" said the Doctor, disposed to humour the garrulous old fellow, "or he would not be on his back now."

"Jes', so, Mr. Arthur; that's what it is. He does not know when to pull up. An' yet they do say he was one of the bigotedest teetotallers in the whole country side till a matter of a year since, when he mislaid his almanack and got into trouble."

"Mislaid his almanack!"

"Tub a fish out o' season."

"Oh! that was his trouble?" replied the Doctor; but it wasn't with Sedgeford you laid *all* the dust, was it?"

"I'll come to that presently," rejoined Crisp. "Well, when I'd made the poor old chap as comfortable as I could by shoving his wife out of the room and turning the key—how can a man get well when a woman like that tells him every minute of the day that he's a brute and a sike like?—we got talkin' of fishin'. He was very curious about what you did in Scotland, so I sold him."

"You!"

"Ye-es: every big fish he mentioned I mentioned a bigger, and said you'd tuk it. Why, I know, Mr. Arthur. He never played a big 'un in his life, though if they're in the river he'll have 'em somehow. I own that. He says he kittles 'em; yet whether it's a hand-net, or a prod, or a hedge-stake, he gets 'em. But him to talk about sawmon rods! Yet afore they were so partick'ler about close times and sike like rubbish no man was handier at tender-mouthed fry as him.—Well, sir, I had talked him about dumb, and was just coming away, when, lookin' out of the window, I saw an old friend of ours."

"Ours, Matthew?"

"Yes, Mr. Arthur, ours. You reck'lect Ryan, the dealer (though for the matter o' that copin' was always more in his way than fair dealin'), that sell'd us Kelpie? 'Twas him, on his way frae Yarm Fair to deliver three nags he had parted with. You canna' help feeling a sort of respect for a man you have got the best of, and as I did him as clean as a whistle ower Kelp here, Ryan an' me have been cronies ever since. Whèa do you think the nags were for, now? You would never guess Mr. Arthur. Why, one was for Barjona—a quiet cob—says Ryan with a wink. A good deal owder than his teeth—there's no tellin' what you can do with the inside of a hoss's mouth till you try—and one as fond o' huntin' as ever a lad has crossed him; and t'other two for that nazzard Woodridge; naebody else. They're rippin' cattle, 'specially one, a chestnut mare with a white heel, and I se warrant she can travel. Pat has got his figure for 'em, and what do you think he tells me, sir? why that this Woodridge—whèa wad ha' thowt it now?—is a wonder across country, and not to be sneezed at on the flat."

"And what are those horses for?"

"Why he's going to subscribe to the H. H., Pat says; and he means to enter one o' his nags in the Welter at the meeting on the moor next month. Mr. Arthur," added Crisp, meaningly, "Enter Kelp, and ride him yourself!"

"I will think of it, Mat," replied the Doctor, as he entered into the surgery.

(To be continued.)

#### SCARBOROUGH WINTER ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE ROYAL HOTEL.

SCARBOROUGH, with its unequalled spa and corresponding attractions, is obviously becoming a most desirable resort during the colder months of the year. Of Scarborough in summer who has not heard? Of those charming drives to Bridlington and back on the top of the coach, "tooled" by Mr. George Lowther, which starts every morning at 10 a.m. from the Royal? Of delicious moonlight evenings spent fishing in the placid waters of its grand bay; of those charming walks in the grounds of the Spa, of—? but a truce to further rhapsody.

Delightful as Scarborough certainly is during the summer months, it remained for a few of the leading gentlemen of the neighbourhood (acting on a hint thrown out by the host of the Royal) to transform the town from its previous winter lethargy into a place of gaiety and liveliness; and how was this accomplished? By the simplest means possible. It occurred to him to transform his magnificent ball-room into one of the most elegant little theatres in the kingdom. Two or three well-known amateurs residing in Scarborough at the time were consulted; a committee of the leading gentlemen of the place was formed, and with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews (who on that occasion kindly played as amateurs), the first season of the now celebrated Scarborough Winter Entertainments at the Royal was commenced, and these have grown until they rank amongst the best, if not the best amateur theatricals in England. All the county families, in fact, the whole neighbourhood, flock into the place once a month during the winter and take up their quarters at the Royal, on the days fixed for these performances, which are followed on the succeeding evening by a ball, at which from 150 to 200 guests are usually present.

During the last three years the following pieces have been played, and were placed on the stage in a manner beyond all praise, with Mrs. Bancroft's Theatre as a model:—

*Caste, Comical Countess, Nothing to Wear, Handsome Husband, Who Killed Cock Robin? Happy Pair, Trying it On, A Hundred Thousand Pounds, Ladies' Battle, Sweethearts, Two Heads better than One, Chiselling, Little Toddlekins, Spitalfields Weaver, Awaking, Scrap of Paper, New Men and Old Acres, Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, School for Coquettes, &c.*

In these plays the following distinguished amateurs appeared:—Hon. Lady Sebright, Mrs. Monckton, A. Montague, Esq., Capt. A. Fitzgeorge, R.A., Capt. Fitzgeorge (21st Hussars), W. Selfe, Esq., Capt. Lacy, R.A., Capt. Glass, R.A., Capt. Newall, R.A., Capt. Edwards, and Messrs. Flint, Bingham, Slade, Barrington Foote, Spencer, R.A., &c., &c.

These were assisted by eminent professional talent, such as Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Amy Fawcett, Miss Austin, Miss Harvey, Miss Delta, Miss Wiber, &c., &c.

ON Tuesday week King's-cross Theatre was offered for sale at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, by Messrs. Lumley. The particulars stated that a considerable income was at present derived from letting the theatre to amateurs and for private theatricals, but it was believed that the conduct of the building as a public theatre in a systematic and popular way would yield a much larger income. As an additional source of income the theatre realised £52 per annum for Sunday services. The theatre was held on lease, of which 27 years were unexpired, at a ground rent of nine guineas a year. The first offer made was £1,000, the biddings quickly running up the property to £1,350, which was the highest offer. The auctioneer stated that his instructions were not to allow the property to go at that sum. Some gentlemen having had a conversation with him, it was subsequently stated that negotiations for its purchase by private contract had been entered into.

#### ATHLETIC SPORTS AT ST. HELENA.

THE above sports took place at Plantation House, the country residence of the governor, on Saturday, January 6, in presence of the governor and a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The sports consisted of various races for the garrison, and a race open to inhabitants of the island; but on account of the limited space, one lap being only 300 yards, and the unevenness of the ground, there were no very good times. The mile was a very punishing race, for the above reasons, but the winner, Private Terry, of the 24th Regiment, ran in very good form and won easily. Great amusement was occasioned by three or four blue jackets from H.M.S. Mallard (at that time in the harbour), whose mode of hurdle jumping had at any rate the advantage of novelty. One of them particularly requested the artist to time him round, and accordingly started off at the slowest of walks, and, unmoved by the jeers and laughter, accomplished the distance in four minutes!! We give a sketch of some members of the island police force, whose services are, happily, not frequently called into requisition. The ladies formed, as is of course the case everywhere, the great attraction, and we have endeavoured to do a few of them justice. A tug of war brought the day's proceedings to a conclusion, when ten of the 24th Regiment defeated eight gunners by two tugs to one.

#### CHESS.

##### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. (Brighton).—The games shall have our best attention, and if up to our standard, shall be published in this column. Problems in five moves are "caviare to the general."

M. H. (Ventnor).—A good problem, but it has been published lately by one of our contemporaries.

W. S. L. (Hackney).—We shall be glad to receive the scores in the matches referred to in your letter. Please to forward them. Mr. Staunton died in July, 1874. Herr Andersen is still living.

R. T. Y. (Buxton).—Your problem admits of more than one solution in three moves. Besides your own way, White can proceed with 1. Q takes P (ch), and mate follows in two more moves.

B. H. (Victoria-street).—Have nothing to do with such chess players. The St. George's Club should suit you. We have given the address several times.

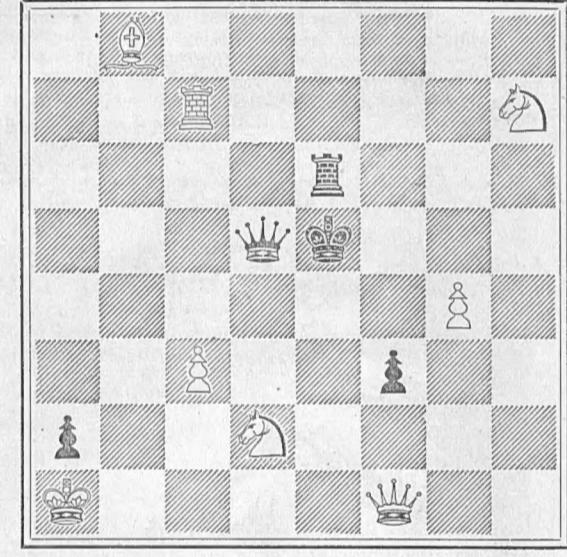
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 133 received, from Cantharikopho, Benet, J. Byng, S. Howe, Pepper's Ghost, Triton, J. Worsley, H. Johnstone, L. W. M., and S. T. S. All others are wrong.

##### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 132.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to K Kt 5 Any move.

##### PROBLEM NO. 134.

MOTTO.—"UNA VOCE POCO FA."  
BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

##### CHESS IN LONDON.

GAME played last March at Simpson's Grand Divan, between Messrs. MacDonnell and Minchin.

##### [ALIGATER GAMBIT.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. MacDonnell.	Mr. Minchin.	Mr. MacDonnell.	Mr. Minchin.
1. P to K 4.	P to K 4.	12. B to Q Kt 3.	Q takes P
2. P to K B 4.	P takes P.	13. Q takes Q.	B takes Q.
3. Kt to K B 3.	P to K Kt 4.	14. Castles Q R.	B takes Kt.
4. P to K R 4.	P to Kt 5.	15. P takes K.	P to Q R 4 (δ).
5. Kt to Kt 5.	P to K R 3.	16. K R to K B sq.	R to K R 2.
6. Kt takes K B P.	Kt takes Kt.	17. B takes K R P.	Kt to Q 2.
7. B to Q B 4 (ch).	P to Q 4.	18. R to Q 6.	P to R 5.
8. B takes Q R (ch).	K to Ksq.	19. B to K 6 (d).	R takes B.
9. P to Q 4.	Kt to K 2 (a).	20. B takes Kt (ch).	B takes B.
10. Kt to Q B 3.	B to Kt 2.	21. R takes R and wins (e).	
11. B takes K B P.	P to Q 3.		

(a) P to K B 6 is undoubtedly the best move here.

(b) In this and similar positions the officers ought to lead on the soldiers to the battle, and not—as Black does here—despatch them upon useless skirmishes.

(c) Pretty and sound. If Black takes the B then K B to B 7 (ch); K to B sq; B to Q R 5 (dis. ch); Black must interpose Kt or B, thereby losing a piece and pawn, and then white, although numerically inferior, would have the better game by reason of his passed Pawns, and both his Rooks being in active play.

(d) The tyro examining this game will see that White threatens to mate his opponent in two moves, and that Black adopts the only resource that can delay the death-stroke.

(e) For Black must play Kt to Kt Sq, whereupon White pins the Kt with R, and then pushes on the K R P to queen.

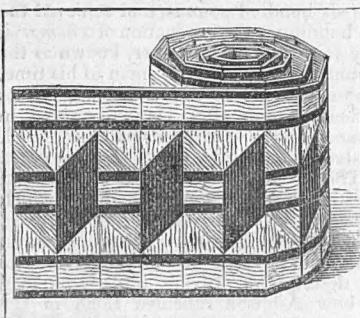
##### CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

THE annual meeting of this club was held at Mouflet's Restaurant, Newgate-street, on the 24th instant. There was a very large attendance, and the report of the year's proceedings gave universal satisfaction, and showed the club to be in a more flourishing condition than at any previous period. Mr. Gastineau was elected President for the ensuing year, Mr. J. A. Manning, Vice-President, and Mr. H. F. Down, Hon. Sec. The annual dinner was fixed for Wednesday, 7th March.

THE Duke of Beaufort's foxhounds were engaged recently in a full-cry pursuit, near Mangotsfield, when Reynard crossed the line, just as a train running on the Midland line between Bath and Bristol was approaching. The pack was close behind the fox, and they would probably have been run into but the engine-driver opportunely observed the pack and stopped the train. The noble owner of the hounds has presented the driver with a donation of £2 and the fireman with £1.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 25, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an-hour he passed a good many Worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment." Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.—[ADVT.]

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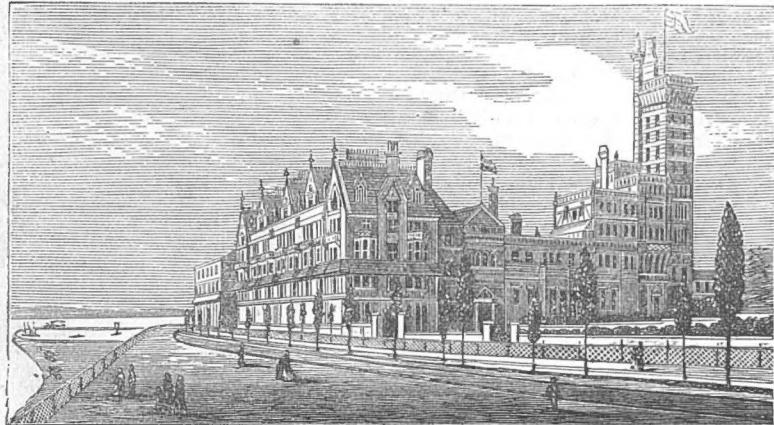
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## THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.

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APPENDIX: containing Invalid Cookery; Sickness and Vomiting; Diet suitable for Dyspeptics: Raw Meat in Dyspepsia and Chronic Diarrhoea; useful Hints on Constipation; important to Proprietors of Schools and Heads of Families—a Safe and Certain Cure for Ringworm; Whooping Cough and its Treatment without internal Medicine; Unsightly Blemishes, Pimples on the Face, &c.; Biliousness and Sick Headache; the Cause and Prevention of Fever.

### A FEW SELECT OPINIONS ON "THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS."

Extract of a letter from the Ven. Blythe Hurst, Vicar of Colliery, than whom there is no clergyman better known or more respected in the diocese of Durham, on account of his urbanity, and eminence as a scholar:—"I have carefully read over your treatise, and from sad experience endorse every word of it. For some time previous my stomach retained very little food. I was really starving in the midst of plenty. Your discovery has saved my life. I can now digest my food with ease. I owe you a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to discharge."

"Our townsman, Mr. J. C. Eno, has just published a ninth edition of his Treatise on the *Stomach and its Trials*. By means of illustrations and clearly-expressed descriptions, the author shows the many ills which spring from a weak or disordered stomach, and also indicates the treatment necessary in order to induce recovery. Dyspepsia and indigestion, in whatever form, are so common and so irksome ailments that anyone who does what he can to relieve the suffering deserves the gratitude of his kind."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

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## ADVICE ON FOX TERRIERS.

It may be said, probably with truth, that no breed of dog has ever been so popular as the fox terrier; nor does this popularity seem to decrease at all as years go by. The reason appears to me that the fox terrier is the best kind of dog for general purposes that any man can possess. He is equally at home under ground and above it, in the drain or in the drawing-room, in the hedge-row or in the house. He is a charming companion, when properly educated, and by no means an enemy to the household cat, though a terror to such feline vagrants as intrude upon his master's premises. He is quiet and well-behaved, but always ready to take his death when he is told. The same dog will make a kind, harmless playmate for the children, and still be ready to tackle anything mortal in the way of foxes, badgers, or other vermin. There is no greater mistake than to think that the fox terrier is a quarrelsome brute, always getting his owner into a row. This is not the case by any means, if the dog is really a terrier and has been properly brought up.

But of all the so-called fox terriers in existence how few are the good ones! Of all the men who go in for the breed how few ever succeed in obtaining even one specimen that is above mediocrity? There must be a cause for this, and perhaps a few hints from one who is not without experience may be interesting and useful to the ambitious tyro who would fain possess himself of a first-class fox terrier.

Ah! my young friend, do not despise advice. Think not that because you have read "Dogs of the British Islands," and been to a dog show, that you are henceforth fit to stand alone. Left to yourself you will inevitably fall into one of many pit-falls which beset your path. The more money you are disposed to spend the worse will be your fate. You will get into the hands of some one who will sell you terriers at prices from £50 to £200 each. You know he is a good judge—you believe in him thoroughly; and, behold, your dogs win prizes! You are in the seventh heaven, but it is a fool's paradise. You do not know that you are in the hands of an agent of a certain fraternity of the judges, and that the prizes awarded you by these very judges are merely to encourage you to go on and buy more dogs, which they indirectly provide you with through the aforesaid agent. This agent who sold you the dogs takes great interest in you, and arranges where you shall show, taking care that you shall always go where the proper judges are. If ever these worthies want money you will be told that a fresh dog has been discovered that will be sure to beat yours, and you must buy it in self-defence. So if you have plenty of money you may have a long reign; but if your supplies run short, very soon will the judges begin to perceive that your terriers are deteriorating with age, and advise you to withdraw them from the show world. Perhaps, too, you may have thought fit to shake off the leading-strings and enter your own dogs at a show where disinterested men happen to be the judges.

The result is nil. Perhaps, even, you are ignominiously ordered to "Take that thing away, sir." You are astonished and grieved. You blame the judges, and write letters to the papers, which, being from disappointed exhibitor, are not inserted. The fact is, your dogs are worthless, as you will find when, disgusted with the whole thing, you try to sell them. Lucky will you then be if you get back a tithe of your outlay. This is no mere fancy picture—it is taken from life, and that, too, the everyday life of the canine world.

I will tell you an incident that happened to myself when I was young and unprovided with a mentor to guide my steps.

I possessed what I considered a very beautiful fox terrier bitch. I had bred her myself; and for long she had been as the apple of my eye. The time came when with a hopeful heart I proceeded to show, taking with me my treasure. I surveyed the other entries when I arrived and made no doubt I should win; but it was not to be. With almost scornful confidence I led my terrier into the ring, and my disappointment was indeed great when I saw the prizes awarded, and the commendations, without the slightest notice being taken of me. Sadly I led the now disgraced animal back to her bench and ruminated as to whether I had not been mistaken in my estimate of her. Presently there came up a very well-known character in the terrier fancy and entered into conversation with me about the bitch. He said she was all very well now, but would certainly grow large and coarse. She would never look so well as at present. He should advise me to sell her if I could. This advice he several times repeated during the day, and thought I "this man knows more than I do. He has experience on his side. He must be right, I will sell her if I can." It seemed to me a strange and fortunate chance that a buyer very soon presented himself. He was an inn-keeper of the town. He wanted a terrier for breeding purposes and for a house-dog. Mine would suit him, though of course, she would not do for show. What would I take for her? In those days I had contented myself with putting down the modest sum of £20 as her price in the catalogue. I said I would take that. The

man said he could only give £10 and went away. Then returned to me my kind adviser, whom I have mentioned above. I told him I had had £10 offered. He said he thought I should not get any more, and I had better take it. "But" said I, "I refused it and the man has gone." He asked if it was the man he had seen speaking to me. I replied "Yes," and he at once volunteered to



CHINESE THEATRICALS.



ITINERANT MUSICIANS IN CHINA.

taken not the slightest notice of her in the judging ring—this to put me out of love with her, and deprecate her value. The employment of the kindly adviser and cunning purchaser, certainly showed remarkable talent. The bitch herself was subsequently sold by the judge or judges, for there are several in Co. together, for £100, and for some time carried all before her. The only consolation was that the ostensible purchaser told the judge he had had to give £15 for the bitch, and so did those worthies out of £5.

BLINKHOOIE.

## OPERATIC CELEBRITIES.

(Continued from our last.)

AARON HILL, who in 1710 took the Opera House in the Haymarket at a yearly rental of six hundred pounds, and achieved the first success of that stately building in the production of *Thomyris*, an opera by John James Heidegger, known as the "Swiss Count," quite the ugliest man of his time, and of whose ugliness so many amusing stories are still afloat. Soon after Handel arrived in England, one of his first visitors was Aaron Hill, who requested him to write the music of an opera for him. The result was the production, within about a fortnight, of *Rinaldo*, an opera which was brought out at an expense never before so large, in the February of 1711. Scenes, costumes, and appointments were all of the most elaborate and costly description. Living birds—you may remember how Addison ridiculed them in the *Spectator*—were let loose to give reality to the garden of Armida, and would persist in flying at and putting out the lights instead of warbling their wood-notes wild; there was too a real fountain as well as real birds, and altogether the effect of the music, &c. was so extraordinary that in its turn Drury Lane was deserted and Clayton its operatic manager was desperate. He wrote fiercely against Hill in the *Spectator*, and Steele aided him in his efforts to decry the new opera. In 1711 Heidegger became Aaron Hill's partner, and soon after, a quarrel ensuing between the management and the Lord Chamberlain, Hill threw down his operatic sceptre, and deserted the throne of music never to reign again.

During 1718 and 1719 the Haymarket Opera House was closed, and the voices of the charmers were mute. But the taste for opera was far too general, the demand for high-class music far too real for this state of things to continue. In 1719 a number of the aristocracy organised themselves into a society for the restoration of Italian opera in England, and, with the royal patronage, the gift of a thousand pounds from the king in aid of their funds (which amounted to £50,000), a charter of incorporation, and the name of The Royal Academy, set to work. The first step of the new Academy was the engagement of Handel as composer and musical director; the second was the engagement of other composers, namely, Giovanni Buononcini and Attilio Ariosti; and the third was the sending of Handel to Dresden, where he engaged Senesimo, Berenstadt, Boschi, and Durastanli—singers of the highest eminence. The new opera season commenced in 1720, and its first opera was *Nimitor*, composed by Giovanni Porta, of Venice. Singing, scenery, decorations were provided as superior to Hill's as Hill's had been to his predecessor's, and the management scored a grand, but not a lasting, success, for at the termination of the season it was found that expenses were greater than the receipts. The season of 1722-23 produced a like result. It was during Handel's management that appeared the lady whose portrait also figures in our pictorial pages (see page 536), the beautiful and sylph-like

FAUSTINA BORDONI, whereby arose an amount of jealousy which rapidly degenerated into far and fast-spreading warfare. Harmony became discord. Cuzzoni had been the ruling divinity of the opera-house, and was not willing to be dethroned. She instigated her friends to hiss Faustina. Faustina's friends retaliated, and hissed Cuzzoni. The battle became a dreadful one, and poor Handel's position was one of constant terror and trouble.

The musical and the fashionable world of London was divided into two fiercely opposing factions. One night the two prima donnas themselves fell foul of each other on the stage, and fought like furies. The Countess of Pembroke was leader of the Cuzzoni army; the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delawarr headed that of Faustina. Compliments (of a kind) abounded, and it was written:—

Old poets sing that beasts did dance,  
Whenever Orpheus played;  
So to Faustina's charming voice,  
Wise Pembroke's asses brayed.

But we have no space to dwell upon these great musical faction fights, and must turn to another of our portraits of Operatic Celebrities.

(To be continued.)

THE Wild Fowl Preservation Act, 1876, is now in force. The act specifies that "any person killing wild fowl, or having in his control or possession one recently killed between the 15th of February and the 10th of July, is liable to a penalty for every such wild fowl of £1." The following are free from the gun:—Woodcock, widgeon, summer snipe, teal, curlew, plover, wild duck, wild goose, stone curlew, sea lark, sandpiper, redshank, purr, pochard, plover's page, lapwing, mallard,

dotterell, dinbird, oxbird, dunlin, godwit, greenshank, peewit, phalarope, ruff, sanderling, shoveller, stint, spoonbill, stone-thicknee, whaup, and whimbrel.

CAPTAIN BURNABY'S "Ride to Khiva," is already in a fifth edition. We are told that the publishers, Messrs. Cassell, as a matter of pure speculation, offered the author £750 for the copyright of the work. We should expect, from the sale it has already had, and still has, that they will find themselves amply refunded.